

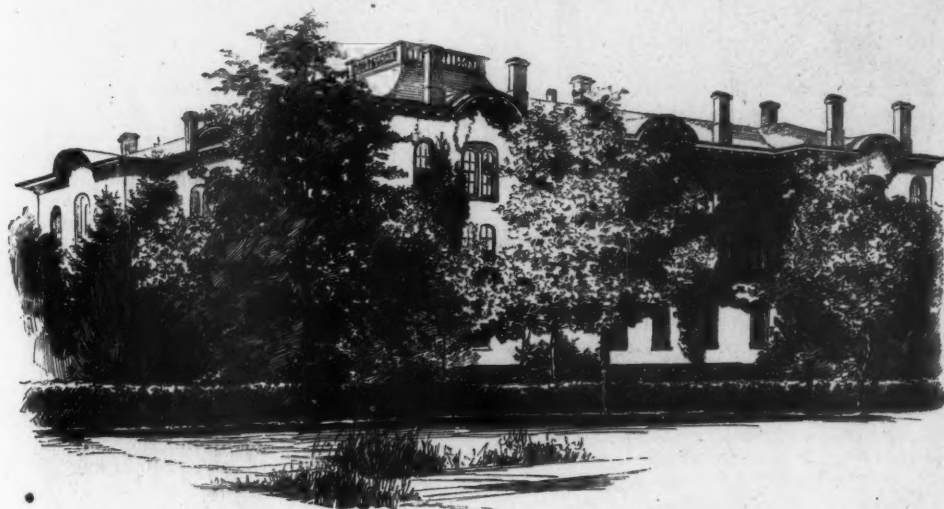
OVR CONTINENT

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 20, 1882.

Whole No. 45.

OBERLIN COLLEGE.



LADIES' HALL.

UPON a tablet in the "Ladies' Hall," at Oberlin, this simple memorial is inscribed: "Rev. John J. Shipherd, Mr. Philo P. Stewart and Their Wives; Projectors and Founders of Oberlin College, 1833."

Of the institution thus inaugurated—its history and results—the struggles and triumphs of fifty years—it is the privilege of the writer to make brief record.

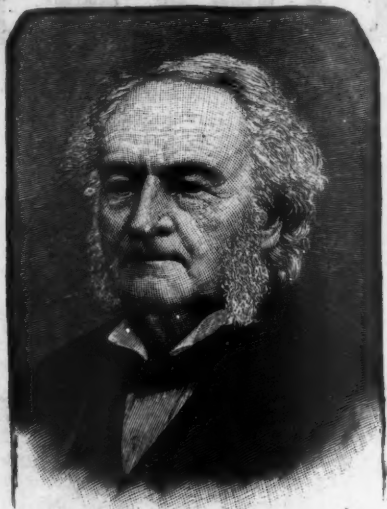
Rev. J. J. Shipherd, while pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elyria, Ohio, together with Mr. P. P. Stewart, a former missionary among the Cherokees, in Mississippi, elaborated the plan of a school (under the manual labor system) for both sexes, and which should embrace preparatory, teachers', collegiate and theological departments—a plan which essentially characterizes Oberlin to-day. To devise was to act, and these men, with their wives as "helpmeets" indeed in the new enterprise, soon found enthusiastic coadjutors.

The "Oberlin colony" was formed, choosing for itself the name of the zealous and self-denying Alsatian pastor, John Frederick Oberlin—*praeclarum et venerabile nomen*—which town and school still bear. Thirty-three miles west of Cleveland, twelve miles from the shore of Lake Erie, upon the "Western Reserve" of Ohio, the site of the future school was chosen. Elyria, the county seat, nine miles away, offered better natural advantages, being situated on the picturesque banks of Black River. But cheapness of land was a prime consideration, and the retiremen. of the wilderness was not with-

out its benefits. A tract of land, three miles square, in the unbroken forest, was bought of Messrs. Street & Hughes, of New Haven, Ct., at one dollar and fifty cents per acre, the grantors donating five hundred acres. An immediate fund for the school was secured by reselling the purchase at two dollars and fifty cents per acre.

Not unlike the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower*, the colonists made a solemn compact, pledging themselves, in twelve articles, to live as brethren, with personal estates, but common interests; to "maintain deep-toned and elevated personal piety;" to promote the spread of the gospel at home and abroad; to care for the widows, orphans and needy ones of the colony; to live simply as to food, raiment and equipage, and to "renounce all bad habits, especially the smoking and chewing of tobacco, unless it is necessary as a medicine." "All strong and unnecessary drinks, even tea and coffee, as far as practicable," were abjured. For a time Spartan fare and "Grahamism" prevailed, having such high authority as Hitchcock of Amherst, and Mussey of Dartmouth. The diet simplified the *cuisine*, if it did not furnish abundant muscle for the manual labor system.

Peter P. Pease was the first settler on the ground, pitching his tent upon what is now the southeast corner of the college campus. Near the same spot stands the "historic elm," under which the founders of the colony knelt in prayer for the Divine blessing. Tree and school,



DR. JAMES DASCOMB.

with lusty life, have waxed large and strong together. Here, at first, might have been found Cowper's sighed-for "lodge in some vast wilderness." But the log-cabin arose as the forest receded; the ring of the axe supplemented the voice of prayer and praise. An earnest colony this, and it showed its faith by its works. The early families were all of New England origin, Messrs. Shipherd and Stewart coming originally from Vermont. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad had not then sent its tide of commerce and travel through Oberlin, but along the rude roads, many on foot or horseback, constantly came new accessions to the infant colony.

The school was opened December 3, 1833, in "Oberlin Hall" the first frame building—which "embraced boarding-hall, chapel, meeting-house, school-rooms, college office, professors' quarters and private rooms for forty students." It was temporarily placed under the charge of J. F. Scovill, of Western Reserve College—an institution seven years Oberlin's senior, and located at Hudson, some fifty miles away. The "Hall" was forty feet square, with two stories and an attic; the latter containing ten rooms, each eight feet square, and accommodating two young men. There were enrolled the first season at Oberlin forty-four students, representing New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. In February, 1834, the school was incorporated by the legislature as "Oberlin Collegiate Institute," the Board of Trustees under the act being Henry Brown, John Keep, Eliphalet Redington, Joel Talcott, P. P. Stewart, Addison Tracy, Jabez Burrill, P. P. Pease and J. J. Shipherd. "Institution" is still the comprehensive word that embraces all departments of the college. After the example of Yale, which was designated in its first charter simply a "Collegiate School," Oberlin was modestly content with the title of "Collegiate Institute" until 1852, when, by legislative enactment, the name was changed to "Oberlin College." The early seal was a simple monogram of the letters "O. C. I.," the present seal bearing the legend, "Oberlin College, Learning and Labor."

From the first the plan of study was as broad as in

the best schools of the East; Hebrew, even, was taught in the classical department for a time. In May, 1834, the school was permanently organized. Daniel Branch, a graduate of Amherst, became principal of the preparatory department, and Rev. S. H. Waldo, of Amherst and Andover, professor of Greek and Latin. Upon the 10th of May Dr. James Dascomb, a medical graduate of Dartmouth, arrived in a lumber wagon, with his young bride, both well spattered with mud—"a sort of rude baptism to the work" that was to be theirs until death. During an honored career of forty-six years Dr. Dascomb occupied the chair of chemistry, physiology and botany. His wife, at the organization of the ladies' department, in 1835, became its principal, serving one year, again occupying the position from 1852 until 1870. She died in April, 1879, her husband following her one year later. Dr. Dascomb was born February 21, 1808, in Wilton, N. H.; his wife in Dunbarton, N. H., July 1, 1810.

The earnest purpose of Oberlin's founders is expressed in the first circular of the school: "The grand object (of the Institute) is the diffusion of useful science, sound morality and pure religion among the growing multitudes of the Mississippi Valley." To this end was sought "the thorough education of ministers and pious school-teachers; the elevation of female character, and the education of the common people with the higher classes, in such a manner as suits the nature of republican institutions." Students were to be given a "thorough physical, intellectual and moral education." The first requisite was supplied by manual labor required of each student at first, for four hours per day. Upon the college farm of eight hundred acres, or in the mills and shop which were erected, the young men labored, receiving from four to seven cents per hour, and paying one dollar per week for board. A boarding hall, affording sittings for two hundred, was "raised" in 1834; in this young women were employed, receiving from three to four cents per hour for labor, and paying seventy-five cents per week for board. A mulberry plantation, for the culture of silk, was set out, but not a cocoon was ever reeled.

The growing school soon rendered the labor system impracticable, but Oberlin has always enabled self-supporting students to gain a thorough education. For the help of such no less than fifteen scholarships are now es-

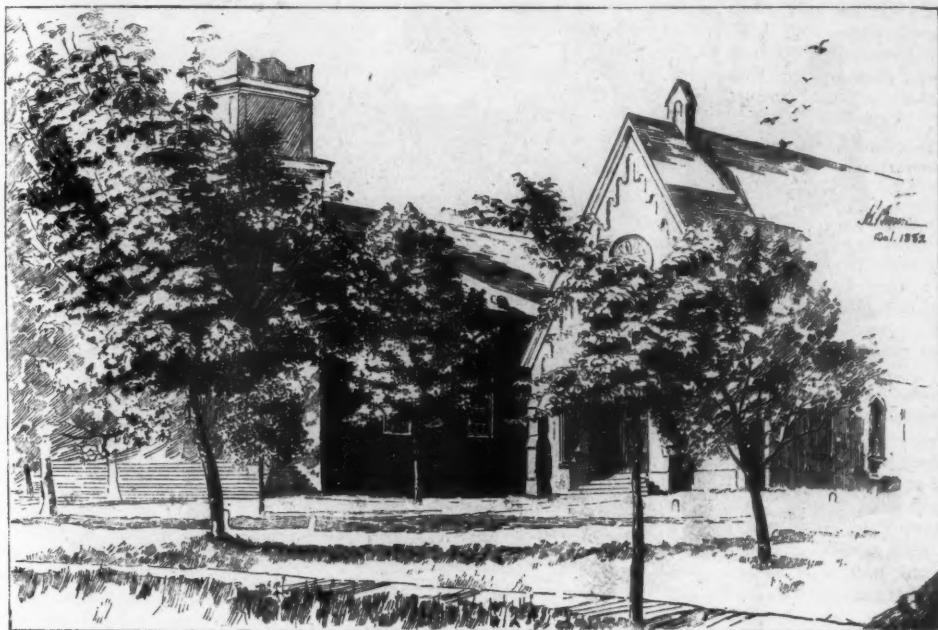


MARIANNE P. DASCOMB.

tablished. Until recently the "long vacation" has been during the winter. There have been years when more than five hundred students have employed this vacation in teaching common schools.

The colony had the reformer's aggressive spirit, and the exigencies of the times gave it abundant work to do. In the matters of vital religion, temperance and anti-slavery it was radical—its enemies said fanatical. While broad and tolerant in spirit, Oberlin reserved the right of independent thought. Opposition soon sprung up. The withdrawal of the church from the Presbytery gave offense. By the planting of the school even fifty miles away, Western Reserve College felt that its rights had

John Morgan was relieved of his duties at Lane on account of his anti-slavery sentiments. Rev. Asa Mahan, pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, was a trustee of Lane Seminary, but resigned, protesting against the action of the majority. He was met there by Mr. Shipherd, in December, 1834, and the plan was devised of adding a theological department to Oberlin, and of forming the first classes from the seceding students of Lane. Mr. Shipherd wrote to the trustees at Oberlin urging the appointment of Mr. Mahan as president there and of Mr. Morgan as professor. Both had made a condition of their acceptance that students should be received at Oberlin irrespective of color.



FIRST CHURCH (1842) AND CHAPEL.

been trenched upon. Oberlin was accused of holding peculiar religious views, and the cry of heresy was raised. An attempt was made to write Oberlin out of the fellowship of the churches. The term "latest Oberlinism" became descriptive of any new heretical or dangerous sentiment. "Antinomian perfectionism" was alleged. Oberlin was characterized as schismatic and a divider of the churches. Theologically "new school," it held "the doctrine of a self-determining will—the rigid limitation of all moral action to voluntary states and acts, and such a modification of the Calvinistic doctrines as the Scriptures permit, and as leave no necessary conflict between the great facts of Divine sovereignty and Man's responsibility." But, worse than "heretical," Oberlin was to become *practically* a champion of the colored race, by the admission of colored students to its privileges. The trustees of Lane Theological Seminary (at the head of which was Dr. Lyman Beecher), near Cincinnati, had, in 1834, passed a resolution prohibiting all discussion of the slavery question among the students in public or private. Four-fifths of the one hundred students at once left the seminary, and for five months pursued their studies alone. At the same time Professor

While these matters were pending, Messrs. Shipherd and Mahan arrived in New York, and invited Rev. Charles G. Finney, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, to accept the Professorship of Theology in Oberlin. He made the same condition that Messrs. Mahan and Morgan had made.

Thus the race question was squarely made an issue at Oberlin. The people and the trustees were fully aware of the possible consequences of radical action in favor of the despised children of servitude. The trustees, for calm discussion, held a meeting at Elyria, but their action was non-committal upon the question at issue. A second meeting was held in Oberlin, and, by the casting vote of "Father" John Keep, a Yale graduate of 1802, it was

Resolved, That the education of the people of color is a matter of great interest, and should be encouraged and sustained in this institution."

The Rubicon passed, the results foreseen were not slow to follow. "Oberlin" and "nigger" were associated on every side as synonymous terms of contempt. Miscegenation tenets even were alleged against the school, and it became a "by-word and a hissing."

A hostile Ohio Legislature endeavored to abrogate Oberlin's charter, and, in 1838-39, rejected a petition of citizens to repeal the laws disfranchising negroes. But, her position once taken, Oberlin ever stood fast, the champion of the oppressed. No Fugitive Slave law could retard the operations of the "Underground Railroad," which carried scores of fugitives to the lake ports *en route* to Canada. The celebrated "Oberlin Rescue" occurred in September, 1858. A negro boy was abducted

The memorable year of 1835 witnessed the accession to Oberlin of President Mahan, Professors Finney, Morgan and Cowles, and the seceding Lane students. For the accommodation of the latter, "Cincinnati Hall," a rude "barrack," 144 by 24 feet, was built and battened with slabs, the bark still adhering. Under President Mahan, who was also professor of mental and moral philosophy, the study of metaphysics and intellectual science assumed large prominence in the school. About



CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC—FORMERLY PROF. MORGAN'S RESIDENCE.

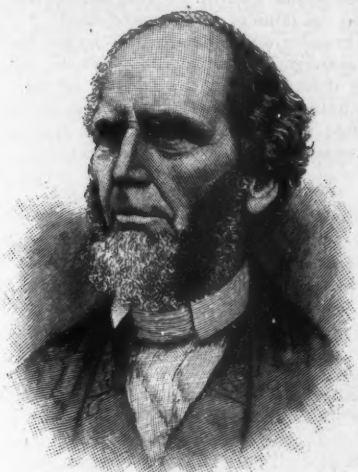
from Oberlin by Southern slave-catchers, and was followed and liberated by a body of resolute citizens.

Thirty-seven of these were indicted in the United States District Court at Cleveland, and thirteen were incarcerated for three months in the Cuyahoga county jail. Near the close of their term of imprisonment they published *The Rescuer*, using borrowed type and improvised printers' implements. The paper was a spicy anti-slavery sheet of four pages, and, in the light of history, contains peculiarly interesting reading. A counter-suit for kidnapping, contrary to the statutes of the state, was begun against the abductors of the negro boy. A mutual *nolle prosequi* was finally entered, and both kidnappers and rescuers were released. Thus ended the celebrated case, which had attracted national attention.

The first colored student at Oberlin was James Bradley, of Cincinnati. In all, some sixty colored students are enrolled among Oberlin's two thousand alumni. Lewis Clark, said to be the original "George Harris" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has long resided in Oberlin. In John Brown's rash and ill-fated raid into Virginia two colored men of Oberlin were engaged—John Copeland sharing his leader's fate, and Lewis Leary being shot.

philosophy and theology the general interest gathered, and keen were the debates on knotty questions. The adherents to the "theory of intrinsic ultimate rightness as the foundation of obligation," were often arrayed in verbal combat against the advocates of the "doctrine of utility." In the white heat of these discussions were fashioned weapons that were afterward to do effectual service in the cause of mental and moral advancement.

Professor Finney occupied the chair of theology from 1835 until his death in 1875. He succeeded Dr. Mahan as president of the college in 1850, resigning the position in 1866. The years '37-'72 were the memorable ones of his pastorate of the First Church. At the age of thirty he had abandoned the practice of law for the work of the ministry. Before his coming to Oberlin, and afterward, he was largely engaged in revival work, in which he was eminently successful. He visited England, even, and caused a great awakening there. Into his preaching he threw the whole power of his fervid piety and remarkable intellectual endowments. One who has been spell-bound under his piercing eye can never forget his graphic presentation of truth, its logical directness and singular force. His early legal



CHARLES G. FINNEY.

training no doubt contributed to his effectiveness in the pulpit. Pure and lovable in character, yet peculiar almost to eccentricity, Professor Finney was a power, both in church and community. With the intellectual force and strength of a noble manhood, his daily life was pervaded with a child-like faith that took hold on eternal verities as simple facts. Against him as Professor of Theology, ecclesiastical opposition was largely directed. President Finney died at the ripe age of eighty-two, among the people he loved so well, and whose grief was like that for a father.

Dr. John Morgan was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1802, coming to this country when a child. He graduated at Williams College as valedictorian. His broad and thorough scholarship has been employed in the service of Oberlin, in the theological department, for nearly half a century, occupying the chair of Biblical literature. He was recently retired as professor *emeritus*, and resides in Cleveland, Ohio.

Another great name of '35 is that of Henry Cowles, who was born in Norfolk, Connecticut, April 24th, 1803, and, with his brother John, graduated with special honors at Yale in 1826. Although of slender constitution, Dr. Cowles, by regular habits of exercise and study, was enabled to fill his seventy-nine years of life with incessant labor. From home missionary work in Northern Ohio, he was called to the Professorship of Greek and Latin at Oberlin. In 1838 he was transferred to the chair of Church History. Two years after he succeeded his brother John (who had held the position since 1836) in the chair of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature. This position he held until 1848.

The *Oberlin Evangelist*, devoted to the interests of moral reform, containing President Finney's weekly sermon, his revival lectures, etc., was published from 1833 until 1862. With this paper Professor Cowles was connected during the whole period of its existence, contributing in no small degree to its success and extended usefulness. The last seventeen years of his life was devoted to his Scriptural Commentary, which was completed just prior to his death, September 6th, 1881. This was the crowning work of a noble life.

The college slowly but surely grew in strength and influence. Wealthy men of the East, especially those holding anti-slavery views, were deeply interested in the

school from the outset. Within three years from its foundation it had an endowment of \$80,000 and three hundred students in attendance. Arthur Tappan, in 1835, contributed \$10,000 for the erection of "Tappan" Hall, a brick dormitory, four stories in height, still standing on the college campus. The financial crash of '37 swept away the fortunes of many of Oberlin's benefactors, including Arthur Tappan. By strenuous effort those dark days of trial and discouragement were safely passed. Oberlin's devoted adherence to Abolition principles gained her warm supporters in England, where, in 1838, her agents secured \$30,000. In 1850 a movement was set on foot to secure a permanent endowment by the sale of scholarships, to run for six and eighteen years and perpetually. By these the number of students was doubled and a fund of \$100,000 was secured.

We have a hint of the varied duties which devolved upon the trustees in Oberlin's early days by this extract from the record of a meeting held July 6, 1836:

"Resolved, That one hundred acres of forest on the institute farm be windrowed this season: that the agent be authorized to sow with wheat all the lands which can be fitted for that crop this fall." . . . "That the faculty be requested to recommend to this board a suitable candidate for Professor of Music." . . . "That journeying on the Sabbath is an infraction of the moral law, and that the faculty of the institution be required to publish their reprobation of that practice."

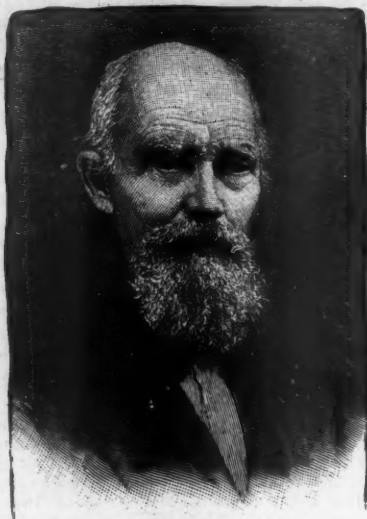
With plowing, sowing, building, fighting the battles of slavery, temperance and universal moral reform, this courageous institution found ample scope for the exercise of its restless energies.

Some eighteen thousand students have been connected with Oberlin during the half-century of her existence. Of her alumni forty per cent. of the men have entered the ministry, twelve per cent. the profession of medicine and five per cent. the law. Missionary fields in every quarter of the globe have been recruited from Oberlin, and thousands of teachers have gone forth from its halls. A score of colleges upon the Oberlin plan have sprung up in the West. Indeed, it is said that upon emigration the first impulse of an Oberlin graduate is to found an institution of learning.

At the outbreak of the civil war Oberlin was found ready to maintain its principles at the point of the



DR. JOHN MORGAN.



DR. HENRY COWLES.

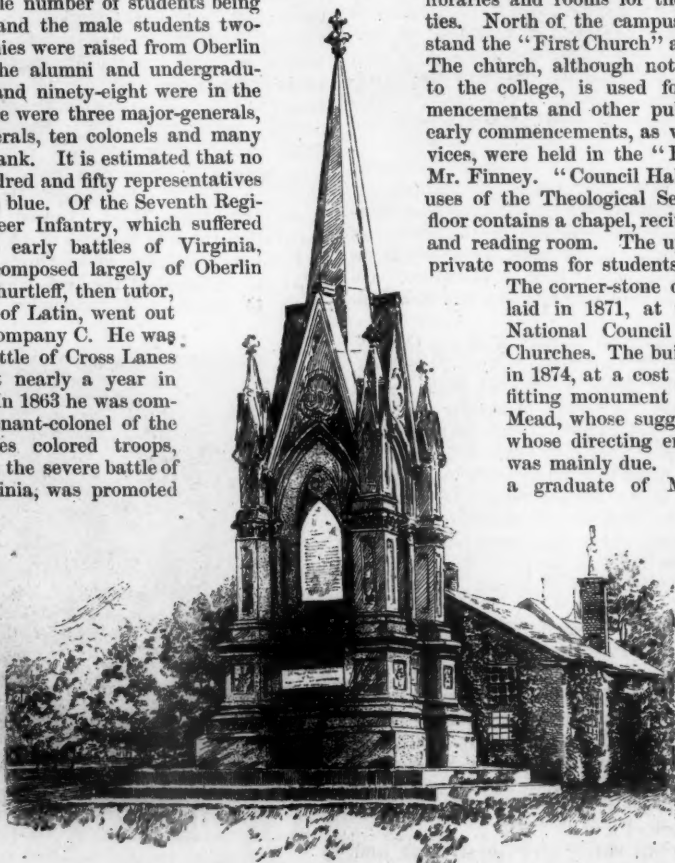
sword. The stress of the times and the absence of many students in the field caused a large depletion of the school, the whole number of students being reduced one-third and the male students two-fifths. Five companies were raised from Oberlin and vicinity. Of the alumni and undergraduates one hundred and ninety-eight were in the army. Among these were three major-generals, three brigadier-generals, ten colonels and many officers of inferior rank. It is estimated that no less than eight hundred and fifty representatives of Oberlin wore the blue. Of the Seventh Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which suffered so severely in the early battles of Virginia, Company C was composed largely of Oberlin students. G. W. Shurtleff, then tutor, and now Professor of Latin, went out as the captain of Company C. He was captured at the battle of Cross Lanes in 1861, and spent nearly a year in Southern prisons. In 1863 he was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth United States colored troops, and for gallantry in the severe battle of New Market, Virginia, was promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1865 he was made brigadier-general by brevet. A beautiful monument, planned by Professor C. H. Churchill, bears the names of ninety-six fallen defenders of the Union. It stands in a central position upon "Monument Place," recording the triumph of those

principles which Oberlin so long advocated, and perpetuating the fame of her honored dead.

With broader development and larger facilities, the general management and character of the college is not radically different from the Oberlin of old. Physical features have changed with time. The old buildings of the college, having well served their generation, have mostly passed away, like their builders. "Walton Hall," built in 1835, for the use of young men from Walton, New York, was burned in 1864. "Colonial Hall," built in the same year (mainly with funds contributed by the colonists), eighty feet long and three stories in height, was devoted to college uses, the lower story serving as chapel for both school and colony. Having been removed and cut up into dwellings, its old age is still filled with service. "Oberlin Hall," "Music Hall," and the old Boarding or "Ladies' Hall" have given their sites to more pretentious edifices. The old "Laboratory," with its memories of Dr. Dascomb's forty-six years of service, still remains, but its site is soon to be occupied by a new building for an assembly hall and ladies' societies' rooms. "Tappan Hall" will soon be replaced by a building befitting its central position. The college campus is a square in the central portion of the town, containing fifteen acres. Upon this, beside "Tappan Hall," stand the college chapel, erected in 1854, and "French" and "Society" Halls. These are mainly devoted to recitation rooms, "Society Hall" containing the college and societies' libraries and rooms for the gentlemen's societies. North of the campus, across the street, stand the "First Church" and "Council Hall." The church, although not properly belonging to the college, is used for the college commencements and other public exercises. The early commencements, as well as religious services, were held in the "Big Tent," a gift to Mr. Finney. "Council Hall" is devoted to the uses of the Theological Seminary. The first floor contains a chapel, recitation rooms, library and reading room. The upper stories contain private rooms for students of the department.

The corner-stone of Council Hall was laid in 1871, at the meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches. The building was completed in 1874, at a cost of \$67,000. It is a fitting monument to Professor Hiram Mead, whose suggestion it was, and to whose directing energy its completion was mainly due. Professor Mead was a graduate of Middlebury College, and occupied the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in the seminary at Oberlin from 1869 until his death, in 1881.

"Cabinet Hall," west of the campus, contains a well-appointed "Museum," cabinets illustrating geology and natural history, microscopic and chemical labora-



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, AND OLD LABORATORY ERECTED 1835.

tories and recitation rooms for the classes in science. Professor Morgan's old residence, across the street, west of the college chapel, is devoted to the uses of the Conservatory of Music. The spacious "Ladies' Hall," erected in 1866, at a cost of forty thousand dollars, contains private rooms for young women of the college, a general dining-hall for both sexes, offices and assembly hall, parlors and ladies' societies' room. To this building is attached the ladies' gymnasium. "Stewart Hall," supplementary to the Ladies' Hall, completes the list of college buildings. The "Institution" of

Oberlin embraces the Theological and Preparatory Departments, the Conservatory of Music and the "Department of Philosophy and the Arts." The latter embraces two parallel courses, the literary and classical, each four years in length. The literary course omits Greek, has less Latin and more French than the classical course, and is pursued mainly by young women. In both courses, however, the same instructors are employed, and both sexes recite together. An increasing

number of ladies graduate each year from the classical department, receiving the degree of A. B. along with their brother students. In all, some one hundred and fifty women have received that degree at Oberlin. This is not bestowed upon graduates of the literary course, but by three years of post-graduate study or literary work such graduates may receive the degree of A. M., in this respect being on equal terms with the alumni of the classical department. The first literary degrees given to women by any college in this country were granted to three ladies graduating from the classical department at Oberlin, in 1841. While all the departments form one corporate body, under the supervision of the President and Board of Trustees, there are subordinate heads. The ladies' department is under the management of the Ladies' Board and Lady Principal, the latter now being Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston, a graduate of Oberlin. The preparatory department is under the efficient supervision of Professor George H. White.

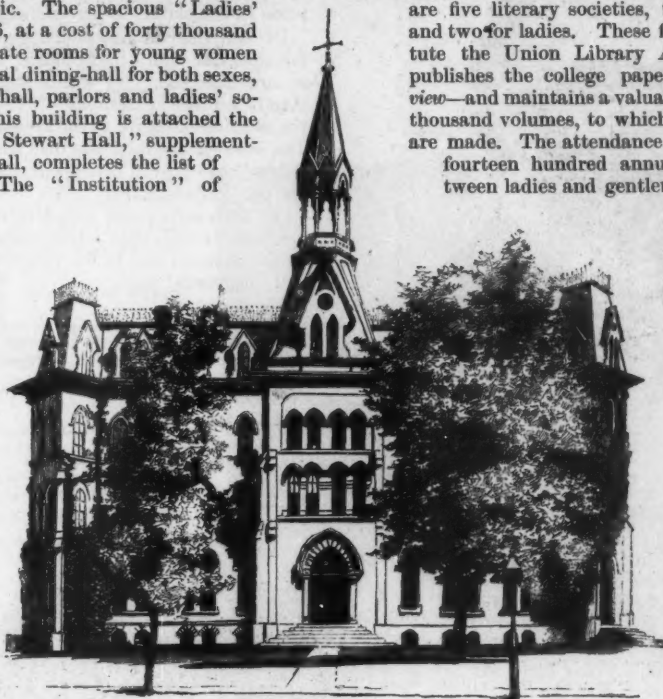
From the early days of Oberlin much attention has been given to the study of music, Rev. E. P. Ingersoll, in 1836, being elected "Professor of Sacred Music." He was succeeded by G. N. Allen, G. W. Steele and F. B. Rice, the latter being now the able director of the Conservatory. Professor Rice perfected himself in music at Leipsic, and is assisted by a corps of experienced teachers, many of whom have also enjoyed the advantages of European conservatories. The Oberlin School of Music, in its present form, was connected with the college in 1867, and has attained an enviable reputation. With the Conservatory is connected an excellent or-

chestra, and under the leadership of Professor Rice, the Musical Union, a vocal society, regularly gives two concerts each year. Connected with the college department are five literary societies, three for gentlemen and two for ladies. These five societies constitute the Union Library Association, which publishes the college paper—*The Oberlin Review*—and maintains a valuable library of twelve thousand volumes, to which constant additions are made. The attendance at Oberlin is about fourteen hundred annually, the ratio between ladies and gentlemen being as five to

six. For the government of this large body of young people the rules are few and simple. The students are self-reporting, and cases demanding severe discipline seldom occur. Secret societies, tobacco, liquor, card and billiard playing are prohibited.

Among the forty members of the faculty, there are alumni of Amherst, Andover, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Columbia School of Mines, Sheffield Scientific School, Leipsic, Marietta, Oberlin, Hillsdale, Wil-

liams and Yale. At the head of this body of able and experienced instructors is Rev. James H. Fairchild, D. D., the third president of Oberlin College, succeeding President Finney in 1866. His career began with that of the college. He came to Oberlin as a student in 1834, graduated from college in 1838, from the seminary in 1841, was tutor from 1839-42, Professor of Greek and Latin 1842-47, of mathematics and natural philosophy



COUNCIL HALL, ERECTED 1874.



ASA MAHAN.



JAMES H. FAIRCHILD, D. D.

1847-58, and since 1858 has filled the chair of moral philosophy in the college and of theology in the seminary. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1817, and is now in the plenitude of his rich and varied powers.

In the beautiful village of four thousand inhabitants, there is not a single saloon, and town and college are one on questions of moral reform. Students are required to attend morning prayers at their respective boarding places, evening prayers at the college chapel, and the church of their choice twice upon each Sabbath. Each class has a weekly prayer-meeting and every recitation is prefaced by prayer or singing.

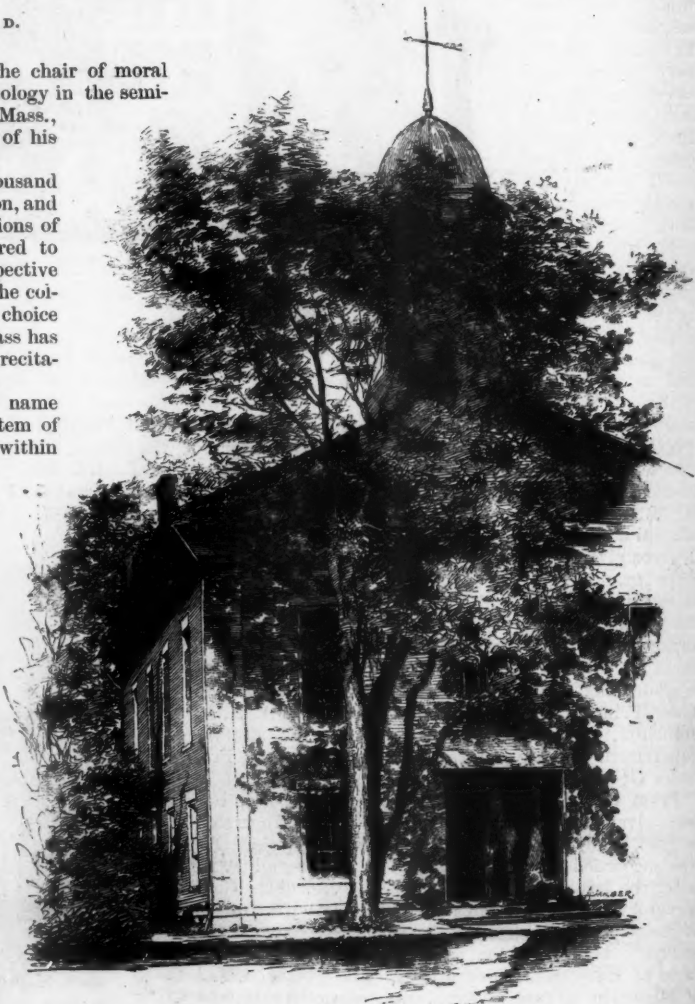
It may not be inappropriate to name Oberlin as the pioneer in that system of education which is rapidly placing within reach of women all those advantages that are claimed for the higher education among men. When her foundations were laid there was not in the world a college for women, and co-education had not advanced beyond the primary and common schools. Concerning this system there are still, as every reader of current literature must know, wide differences of opinion. Whether young women and young men are best equipped for life by studying and reciting in company need not here be discussed, but among thinking people there can be but one opinion as to education, in the broadest signification of the term. Methods and theories may differ, but that women should in some way have equal opportunities with men for attaining the highest mental culture is everywhere admitted. The existence of such institutions as Vassar, Wellesley and Smith Colleges in this country, of Newnham

and Girton in England, are unanswerable proofs of the tendency of the time. With all these Oberlin is in sympathy, and may be pardoned if she feels a certain pride in her claims to precedence.

Of late Oberlin has added greatly to its equipment for scientific and philosophical work. Its endowment is now \$250,000. Its wants still are many, but as it stands on the threshold of its second half-century, the auspices indicate a continuance of past prosperity. The voice of dispraise has died away. Oberlin's "fanaticism" has proved beneficent, its "heresy" innocuous, and its "abolitionism" has been vindicated by history. The faith of its founders has been realized, but not content with past achievement, Oberlin, with larger hope, advances still in the cause of education, morality and the general weal.

EUGENE A. TUTTLE.

NOTE.—The writer wishes to express his obligation to President J. H. Fairchild and to Professor G. W. Shurtleff, for courtesies extended and for the use of valuable material in the preparation of this sketch.



COLLEGE CHAPEL.

A SECT OF SEEKERS *

HARDLY later than yesterday, one of our most brilliant writers summed up the English people of the seventeenth century in words as applicable to-day as then: "At that time, though they were apparently divided into many classes, they were really divided into only two—first, the disciples of things as they are; second, the disciples of things as they ought to be."

It was chiefly "the disciples of things as they ought to be" that passed over from Old England to the New, and as such faith means usually supreme discomfort for its holder, and quite as much for the opposer, there was a constant and lively ebullition of forces on either side. Every Puritan who came over waged a triple war; first, with himself as a creature of malignant and desperate tendencies, likely at any moment to commit some act born of hell; second, with the devil, at times regarded as practically synonymous with one's own nature, at others as a tangible and audacious adversary; and last and always, with all who differed from his own standard of right and wrong:—chiefly wrong. The motto of that time was less "Dare to do right," than "Do not dare to do wrong." All mental and spiritual furnishings were shaken out of the windows daily, by way of dislodging any chance seeds of



A NEW ENGLAND HOME.



COUNTRY STORE.

vice sown by the great adversary. One would have thought the conflict with natural forces quite enough to absorb all superfluous energy, every fact of climate, soil and natural features being against them, but neither scanty harvests, nor Indian wars, nor devastating disease, had power to long suppress this perpetual and unflinching self-discipline.

Unlike any other colony of the New World, the sole purpose and motive of action was an ideal one. The Dutch sought peltries and trade in general, and wherever they established themselves, at once gave tokens of material comfort, and soon of prosperity. The more Southern colonies were on the same basis, adding to it the freedom of life—

* NEW ENGLAND BYGONES. By E. H. ARR (Ellen H. Rollins). Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.



SPINNING.

the large hospitality possible where miles of land formed the plantation, and service meant no direct outlay or expense. Here and there a Southern Puritan was found, as his type may be found to-day, resisting the charm of physical ease and comfort, and constituting himself a missionary to the Indians of South Carolina, or to settlements remote from all gospel privileges, but for the most part the habits of an English squire-ruled country prevailed, and were enlarged upon; each man in the centre of his great property, being practically king. Dispersion of forces was the order, and thus many necessities of civilization were dispensed with. The man who had a river at his door had no occasion to worry over the making or improvement of roads, a boat carrying his supplies, and bridle-paths sufficing his horse and himself. With no need for strenuous conflict with nature or man, the power of resistance died naturally. Sharp lines softened; muscles weakened, and before many generations the type had so altered that the people who had left England as one, were two, once for all.

The law of dispersion, practical and agreeable to the Southern landholder, would have been destruc-

tion to his New England brethren. For the latter, concentration was the only safety. They massed together in close communities, and necessarily were forced to plan for the general rather than for the individual good. In such close quarters, where every angle made itself felt, and constant contact developed and implied constant criticism, law must work far more minutely than in less exacting communities. Every tendency to introspection and self-judging was strengthened to the utmost, and merciless condemnation for one's self came to mean a still sharper one for others. With every power of brain and soul they fought against what, to them, seemed the one evil for that or any time—toleration. Each man had his own thought, and was able to put it into strong words. No colony has ever known so large a proportion of learned men, there being more graduates of Cambridge and Oxford between the years 1630 and 1690 than it was possible to find in a population of the same size in the mother country. "In its inception, New England was not an agricultural community, nor a manufacturing community, nor a trading community; it was a thinking community—an arena and mart for ideas—its characteristic organ being not the hand, nor the heart, nor the pocket, but the brain."

The New England of to-day carries the story written in lines all men may read, and if, for many portions of it, New Ireland would be the juster title, characteristics have been stamped upon it which neither men nor time can wipe out. Long ago reaction came, and the Puritan theology gave way to Transcendentalism and other isms less desirable. A people who had lived on intimate terms with the innermost counsels of the Almighty, and who listened for hours on Sunday to speculations on the component elements not only of the Almighty, but of all



SKELETON TREES.



THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

His works were, while apparently most reverential, losing all capacity for reverence in any ancient sense. Undoubtedly this very speculation did much to give breadth and largeness, too much belief preparing the way, first, for no belief, and, at last, for a return to the best in the old and a combination of certain features of the new, which seems destined to make something better for practical as well as spiritual life than the world has ever known.

The misfortune of the early Puritan was in too rigid a creed, too settled an assurance that all the revelation needed had been given. Unlike the Dunkard elders, who refused to formulate a creed, lest it should put them in a mental attitude that would hinder further glimpses of truth, they hastened to bind themselves and all generations to come in chains, which began to rattle before the last link was forged. Not a Baptist, or Quaker, or Antinomian but gave himself to the work of protestation, and the determined effort to throw off the tyranny and presumption of men no wiser than he. Whippings, imprisonments and banishments silenced these spirits temporarily, but the vibration of particles never ceased, and we know the final result of such action. No wonder that the silent work of disintegration, when it showed

itself in the final apparent collapse of all creeds, was looked upon with horrified amazement, and a hasty gathering up of all the old particles, with a conviction that fusing and forging again was as easy of accomplishment now as in the beginning. The attempt has proved their error.

Intensely radical as New England came to be, she has been as intensely conservative in other directions. Forms of speech current in the England of the seventeenth century crystallized here and are heard to-day. "Yankeeisms" is their popular title, but the student of old English knows them rather as "Anglicisms." "Since the year 1640 the New England race has not received any notable addition to its original stock, and to-day their Anglican blood is as genuine and unmixed as that of any county in England."

Dr. Edward Freeman, who has recently written various discriminating and thoughtful articles on his



THE SPELLING BEE.

American experiences, says of New England particularly, the remark applying in part also to all the older states: "When anything that seems strange to a British visitor in American speech or American manners is not quite modern on the face of it, it is pretty certain to be something which was once common to the older and the newer England, but which the newer England has kept, while the older England has cast it aside."

If outward forms of the old life are still visible, its spirit is equally evident and powerful. Wherever the New England element is found—and where is it not found?—its presence means thrift, thoroughness, precision and prudence. Every circumstance of life from the beginning has taught the people how to extract the utmost value from every resource. Dollars have come slowly and painfully, and have thus, in one sense, a fictitious worth; but penuriousness is almost unknown, and the hardest-working man or woman gives freely where a need is really felt. The ideal is still for the many, more powerful than the real. The conscientiousness and painful self-consciousness of the early days still represses the joyful or peaceful side of life, and makes angles more to be desired than curves. Reticence is the New England habit. Affection, intense as it may be, gives and demands small expression. Good-will must be taken for granted, and little courtesies and ameliorations in daily life are treated with disdain. "Duty" is the watchword for most, and no matter how strange the path, if this word be lined above it, it is trodden unquestioned.

As in the beginning, the corner-stone still "rests upon



THE BELOVED PASTOR.

a book." The eagerness for knowledge shown in every act of the early colonial years has intensified, till "to know" has become a demon driving one to destruction. Eternity would seem to have been abolished, so eager are the learners to use every second of time. Overwork, mental and physical, has been the portion of the New England woman from the beginning. Climate and all natural conditions fostered an alertness unknown to the moist and equable air of the old home. While for the

South there was a long perpetuation of the ease of English life, and the adjective which a Southern woman most desires to hear before her name is "sweet;" the New England woman chooses "bright," and the highest mark of approval is found in that rather aggressive word. Tin pans, scoured to that point of polish which meets the New England necessity for thoroughness, are "bright," and the near observer blinks as he suddenly comes upon them in the sun. A bit of looking-glass, handled judiciously by the small boy, has the same quality, and is warranted to disconcert the most placid temperament; and so the New England woman is apt to have jagged edges and a sense of too much light for the situation. "Sweetness and light" is the desirable combination, and may come in the new union of North and South. The wise woman is she who best unites the two. Yet, arraign New England as we may—and there are many unmentioned counts in the indictment—it is certain that to her we owe the best

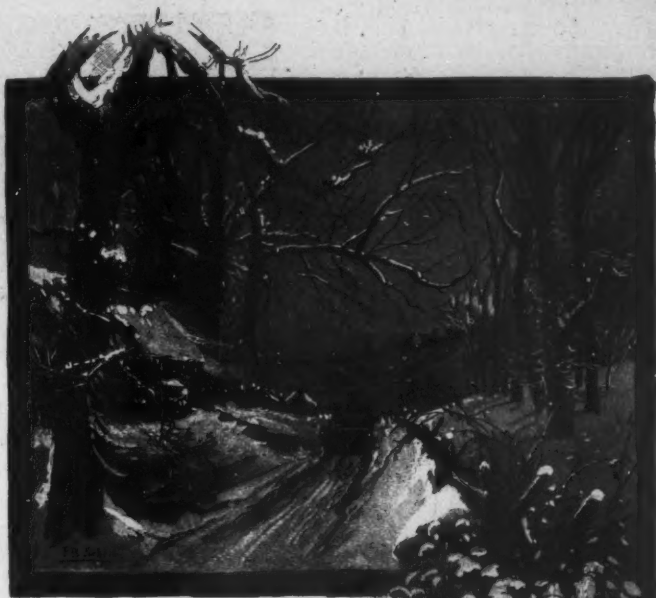


THE BROOK.

elements in our national life. "The Decadence of New England," is a popular topic at present. It is the fashion to sneer at her limitations. Our best novelists delight in giving her barrenness, her unloveliness in all individual life—her provincialism and conceit, and strenuous money-getting.

"It is a good place to be born in," they say, "provided you emigrate early," and then they proceed to analyze her very prominent weaknesses and to suppress as carefully as possible just judgment, either of past or present. Her scenery they cannot dispense with. Her very inadequacies and absurdities of climate involve a beauty which unites Northern sharpness of outline with Southern grace of form and color. The short and fervid summer owns charms denied a longer one. Spring comes uncertainly and lingeringly, but it holds in many of its days an exquisite and brooding tenderness no words can render, as elusive as that half-defined outline on budding twigs against the sky—not leaves but the shadow and promise of leaves to be. The turf of the high pasture-lands springing under the foot; the smell of sweet fern and brake: the tinkle of cow-bells among the rocks, or the soft patter of feet as the sheep run toward the open bars—what New England boy or girl does not remember and love, till loving and remembering are over for the life we live here?

Only the picturesque side of New England is given in the book which has suggested the present article, and never has every latent possibility in this direction been made so plain. Thoreau and Flagg have given all natural aspects, but this book is a supplement to both, for



THE FIRST SNOW.

it holds the spirit of both nature and people. It is more faithful than a photograph, for it gives color and warmth and tone, and

is a better exponent of the real New England than any history has yet proved itself. We think of the lonely, shut-in lives lived in farm-houses among the quiet New England hills, but no life is shut in which reaches out to the Infinite, and in all the ferment of old and new beliefs—the strange departures from a beaten track—the attitude always, not of those who have found, but of those who seek, there has ever been the promise of a better day. The pathos which underlies all record of human life is made plain, and a tender sadness is in the happiest lines. And this is the real story of New England. Her best has passed on. What the future holds for her it is impossible to say, or what strange development may come from this sudden and overmastering Celtic element, pervading even the remotest hill-towns. But one possession remains intact; the old graveyards where the worthies of an elder day sleep quietly under stones decaying and crumbling faster than their memories. It all comes to dust in the end, but even dust holds promise. Growth is in every particle, and whatever time may bring—for the past it is a flower that "smells sweet and blossoms in the dust—" for present and future, a steady march toward the better day, whose twilight is our sunshine.



MEETING-HOUSE STEPS.

MAJOR OR MINOR.

THIS is an age of versification. The old times when a successful couplet had the same prominence and discussion as a walking match to-day; when one poet thought his two lines a satisfactory morning's work, and another said of him that when such labor ended, straw was laid before the door and the knocker tied up—are over, once for all. Now and then a poet stops to polish, but for the most part, spontaneity, fluency, gush, are the qualities demanded, and whatever finish may be given, must be dominated by these more apparent facts. Delicate fancies still abound, and are more and more the portion of the many; but Fancy fills the place once held for Imagination, a statelier and nobler dame, deaf to common voices and disdainful common paths. Every country paper, every petty periodical, holds verse that



"DARKEST OF ALL DECEMBER."

in the Queen Anne period in literature would have given the author permanent place and name. All can rhyme, and many can rhyme melodiously. The power of words fitly set has made itself known, and a word has come to be judged like a note in music—as a potential element of harmony—a sound that in its own place may mean any emotion of joy or sorrow, hate or love. Whether a thought is behind these alluring rhythms, with their sensuous swing or their rush of sound, is immaterial so long as the ear has full satisfaction; and thus Swinburne and his school fill the place of Spenser and the elder poets, and many an "idle singer of an empty day" jostles aside the masters, who can wait, knowing that sooner or later return to them is certain. Schools have their power for a time, and expression held in their moulds forgets that any other form is possible. But the throng who copied Herrick are forgotten, their involved absurdities and conceits having died with the time that gave them birth. The romantic school had its day, and its power and charm are uncomprehended by the reader of this generation. And the Lake poets, firmly as they held the popular mind, have no place now, save in the pages where a school was forgotten and nature and stronger forces asserted their power.

No poet has enduring place whose work has not been the voice of the national thought and life in which he has had part. Theology, politics, great questions of right, all the problems of human life in any age may have, in turn, moulded the epic of the period; but, from Homer down, the poet has spoken the deepest thought of the time, and where he failed in this has failed to be heard beyond his time. With American poets, it has taken long for anything dis-



THE LEGEND OF ARA-CELI.



"WHEREON IS WRITTEN, 'ONLY GOD IS GREAT.'"

inctively American to be born. With the early singers, there was simply a reproduction of the mannerisms and limitations of the school for which Pope had set all the copies. Why not, when it was simply a case of unchangeable identity, the Englishman being no less an Englishman because he had suddenly been put down on the American side of the Atlantic? Then, for a generation or so, he was too busy contending with natural forces, and asserting his claims to life and place on the new continent, to have much leisure for verse-making, though here and there, in the stress of grinding days, a weak and uncertain voice sounded at times. Then, at last, came the band of singers, Longfellow leading the way, and continuing to be called leader long after such power had ceased. We love the gracious poet so well that it is hard to admit he had no real claim to rank as distinctively American. His training came when the power of Goethe and the Romanticists was at its height in Europe, and for the rest of his life he remained rather a medium for the transmission of these influences than for any reproduction of the national life. His grace and purity of thought and diction, and a thousand charms of manner have made him dear to every one of us, but his place will be less for posterity than we are now ready to believe. Mr. Lowell has never had his popularity; but his poetry, whether humorous or otherwise, has elements which are growing every year into the real life of the people, and are the best and truest expression of the Amer-

ica of to-day. The "Harvard Ode" must have all the immortality mortal word can hold, for it is the voice of a nation's faith and hope and longing.

Mr. Aldrich's prose has usually counted for more than his poetry, and yet, with those who have learned to know it well, there are elements which make him in many points Mr. Lowell's equal. He has a stronger psychological bent—less interest in general questions—but quite as much in purely human ones, and though his touch is light, spiritual truth starts out clearly, and every aspect of nature is faithfully rendered.

"Baby Bell" has had widest popularity, and is exquisitely tender and pathetic, but there are many other passages to which the reader will turn again and again till familiarity has made them his own. If the power of words is wanted—weird words joined to a strange and perplexed thought—it would be hard to find more impressive ones than in these:



THE QUEEN'S RIDE, "WITH SEA-GREEN ROBE AND FEATHER."

"Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space,
In Twilight-Land, in No-Man's-Land—
Two hurrying Shapes met, face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light;
'I know not,' said the second Shape,
'I only died last night.'"

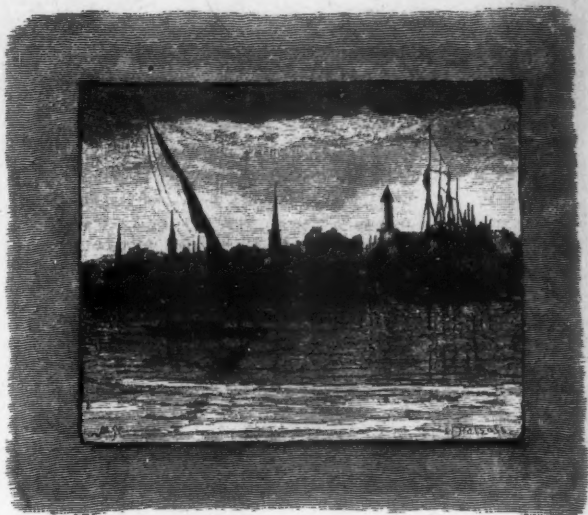
Those who have seen Mr. Elihu Vedder's wonderful picture, originated by these lines, will regret that it could not have been reproduced for the beautiful volume in which the publishers have enshrined this American poet.¹ The designs are of such even excellence that selection has been difficult, any decision seeming almost invidious. The artist too often follows his own fancy, and pays small attention to the author's real thought; but in this case there seems to have been real sympathy and understanding. "Moonrise at Sea," from the quatrain,

"Up from the dark the moon begins to creep;
And now a pallid, haggard face lifts she
Above the water-line: thus from the deep
A drowned body rises solemnly,"

is by Mr. Halsall, and one of the most impressive illustrations in the book. Mr. Garrett's "Spring in New England" is equally fine, the lingering, treacherous quality of this season, which is simply a phase of later winter, being given by Mr. Aldrich in

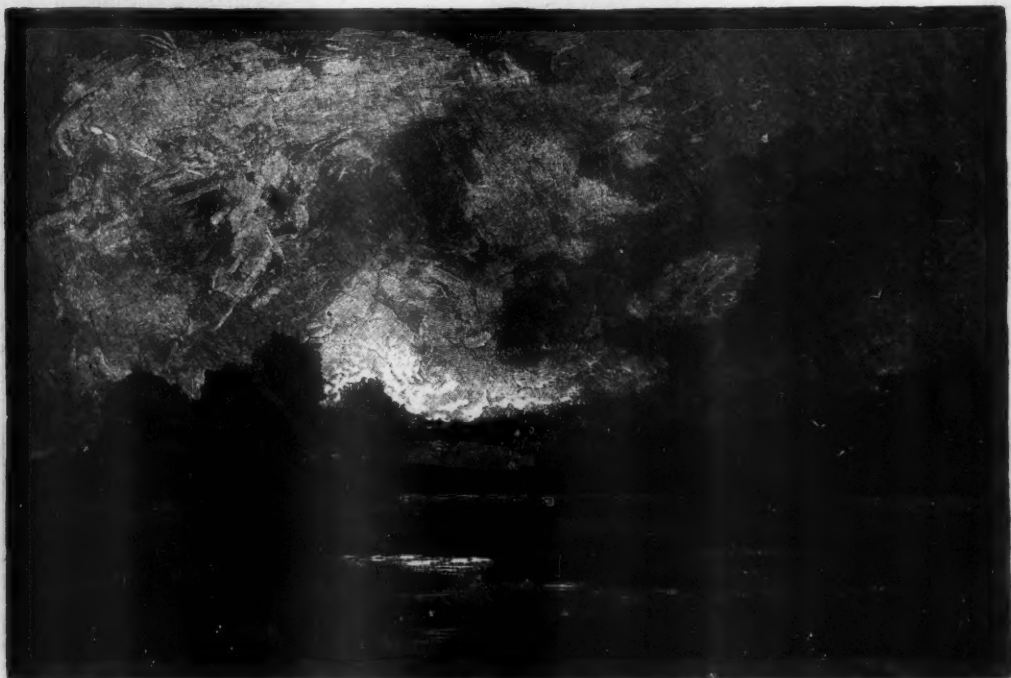
"The bleak North lets loose its walling broods
Of winds upon us, and the gray sea grieves
Along our coast."

(1.) THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club. Pp. 280, \$5.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



PISCATAQUA RIVER.

For the deep woods, the summer landscape and the dim autumn days he has an equally delicate, but always spirited and faithful touch. There is a mocking quality in many bits of the "Cloth of Gold," as in "When the Sultan goes to Ispahan," a very wicked little piece of insight into some crooked ways of life, and there are gay and exquisitely-turned little songs and suggestive passages. No poet has subtler and daintier conceits about women, or has pictured better certain tragic aspects, hidden from ordinary eyes. Whether sustained work



SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

is ever likely to be done remains a question. There are hints of abundant power in many passages, though less so in "Judith," his longest poem, than elsewhere. "The Metempsychosis," strikes his deepest note, and if there are reminders of Wordsworth, there is also a music to which that didactic and often intolerable poet failed to reach, save at rare intervals; his genuine poems being compressible into a fractional part of the space usually occupied.

"The Metempsychosis" is mystical and tintured with the thought of the East; but it has also the faith and the triumph of a soul over all low conditions, and

its final lines are the true voice of all true souls in this or any century:

"And knowing these things, can I stoop to fret,
And lie, and haggle in the market place,
Give dross for dross, or everything for naught?
No! let me stand above the crowd and sing,
Waiting with hope for that miraculous change
Which seems like sleep; and though I waiting starve,
I cannot kiss the idols that are set
By every gate, in every street and park;
I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul;
For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts, and the caverns in the earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds."

HELEN CAMPBELL.

DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "BRESSANT," "SEBASTIAN STROME," "IDOLATRY," "GARTH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE morning after Bendibow's death, Merton Fillmore sent word to the Marquise Desmoines that he would call upon her that evening, if she found it convenient to receive him. She returned answer that she would expect him.

Ever since her parting with Philip Lancaster, the Marquise had kept herself secluded. After such an experience, even she needed time to draw her breath and look about her. It was more like defeat than anything else that had ever happened to her. It was defeat in fact, if not altogether in form. She had, whether consciously or unconsciously, shaped all her course and purpose to the end of being loved by Philip; and he did not love her. Nothing could disguise that truth; and it was additionally embittered by the discovery, almost unexpected to herself, that she not only preferred him to other men, but that she loved him; and that he was the only man she ever had loved. She had allowed him to perceive this, and the perception had failed to kindle in him a response. No doubt, she had assumed on the instant the semblance of cool indifference; she had divined her failure almost before she had made it; she had listened to his reply with a smile, and had dismissed him with defiance; but, after all, she knew in her inmost heart that she had been worsted; and whether Philip were as intimately conscious of it, or were conscious of it at all, made little difference. She had offered him more than any woman can offer with impunity, and he had professed himself unable to accept it.

After he left her, she was for a time supported by the ardor of defiant anger, which made her feel as if she had never been conquered,—had scarcely begun to fight, indeed: and had illimitable reserves of strength still to draw upon. But when this mood had flamed itself out, she began to realize how little her strength and resources could avail her. She had no longer any object to contend for. She had lost the day, and, no matter what her vigor and courage might be, the day in which she might redeem herself would never dawn. Philip was, to all intents and purposes, exanimate; and she might as hopefully strive, by dint of her beauty and brilliance, to restore life to a corpse from the hospital,

as to stimulate Philip to feel even so much emotion toward her as would make him care whether she loved him or hated him. The shock of Marion's loss, and the self-revelation it had wrought in him, had put him above or below the reach of other feelings. He had collapsed; and it was this collapse which had rendered him indomitable even by the Marquise Desmoines.

What was left to her? The injury was too deep not to demand requital. But how could she avenge herself on Philip? What could she make him suffer that he was not already suffering? His life was broken up: he had lost his wife and his place in the world,—for she knew Philip well enough to be aware that it would be a long while (if ever) before a man of his organization would be able to renew his relations with society. Surely hatred itself could not pursue him further. There was nothing to be done.

And yet to do nothing was intolerable to Perdita: she could have borne anything else better. Inaction gnawed her heart and made her existence bitter. But what could she do? Should she kill him? No: life could hardly be so dear to him as to make that worth while. Should she kill herself? That, indeed, was as likely as anything else to put an end to her unrest: but should she allow Philip to imagine that she had died for love of him? She laughed, and shook her head. It was while she was in this mood that Fillmore's letter came, mentioning Bendibow's death. The news interested her, for she fancied it might in some way bear upon the subject that possessed her thoughts. She awaited his arrival with impatience.

He came punctually, as usual; but his face and demeanor, as he entered the room, were singularly reserved and sombre. The Marquise, if she noticed this at all, (and it would be hard to say what a woman like her does not notice) laid it to the account of the death-scene at which he had been present. As for herself, she felt no regret, and was not in the vein to express what she did not feel. She greeted the lawyer coolly and briefly, and went at once to the subject.

"Sir Francis has died in good time, and with good taste. I had not given him credit for so much consideration."

"Yes, madame," replied Fillmore, bowing. "He has solved many difficulties. Possibly it was only the

struggle against misfortune that kept him in life so long. The death of his son was his death-blow. His ruin was a relief to him."

"Fortune and misfortune are in our feeling, not in our circumstances: that is an old story," observed Perdita. "Well, did he die repentant?"

"He was unconscious for several hours before his death, and I was not present when his last words were spoken."

"'Tis a pity he should have been alone. He might have said something worth hearing. A good many secrets have died with him."

"He was not alone, madame."

"Who was with him?"

"Mrs. Lancaster."

Perdita was dumb for a moment. "Did you say Mrs. Philip Lancaster?" she then asked, bending forward curiously.

Fillmore bowed in assent.

"I did not know she was in London," said the Marquise, after another short pause. "Her husband certainly was not aware. . . . How did this happen?"

"It was the baronet's wish," replied Fillmore. "Her name had been often mentioned by him since his catastrophe: her kind behavior to him at Vauxhall—"

"What had she to do with him at Vauxhall?" interrupted Perdita, making herself erect in her chair.

"I am not acquainted with the details of the matter," said Fillmore, "but it seems that she wished to consult him on a subject of importance, and, owing to the mysterious habits he had adopted of late, she was obliged to seek him at Vauxhall. He was taken with a fit—indeed, I believe it was the disturbance which this occasioned that first discovered him to her—"

"This is a strange story!" Perdita broke out. "I had heard that Mrs. Lancaster was at Vauxhall, but the name of the gentleman with her was not Francis Bendibow."

"You yourself saw her there, did you not?" inquired Fillmore, with a steady look.

"Are you a detective as well as a solicitor, Mr. Fillmore?" demanded the Marquise, smiling ironically, "I did see her there, on the arm of Mr. Tom Moore."

"I do but repeat what is known and spoken of by others," said Fillmore: "but it seems to be generally conceded that her meeting with Moore was accidental,—he assisted her in getting a carriage to take the baronet away. She was guilty of great imprudence, but, it seems, in a cause which she thought urgent enough to justify it. As I was saying, Sir Francis never lost the recollection of her kindness, and toward the last he expressed a strong desire to speak with her. I went to her house in search of her; but was informed that she had been absent since the preceding day, and it was not known where she was."

"We must admit her conduct to be singular," remarked Perdita with a slight laugh. "No doubt, as you say, it was justifiable! Where did you find her?"

"Quite accidentally, I met Lady Flanders, and, in the course of conversation, was informed by her ladyship that Mrs. Lancaster was at her house."

"Ah! Lady Flanders. . . . But—well, go on!"

"Lady Flanders said," continued Fillmore, fixing his eyes in a marked way on Perdita, "that Mrs. Lancaster had felt herself grossly injured by . . . a person from whom she had every right to expect different treatment, and that, in her distress and defenselessness, she had accepted Lady Flanders' proposal to make her ladyship's house her home for a few days."

"Really, Mr. Fillmore; a less charitable man than

you might say that Lady Flanders had assisted Mrs. Lancaster to run away from her husband."

"Supposing Mrs. Lancaster to have had that intention," replied Fillmore coldly, "the general opinion seems to be that her husband had spared her the necessity."

"How do you wish me to understand that?"

"That Philip Lancaster had planned an elopement on his own account."

"Positively, you amuse me!" exclaimed Perdita, gazing at him intently. "Are you going to add the inspiration of a prophet to your two other professions? Tell me, with whom has Mr. Philip Lancaster planned to elope?"

"If you need to be told that," replied Fillmore, after a considerable pause, "there is nothing to tell."

The Marquise smiled. "Ah, Mr. Fillmore," said she, "you are not so clever a man as I thought! Mr. Lancaster came to me two nights ago; he was very tired and hungry, poor fellow; he had been hunting his wife over London, and seemed to think she might have taken refuge with me. I consoled him as well as I could, and sent him away. I have not seen or heard of him since then. Unfortunately, I was not in a position to give him the comforting information I have just heard from you. I am surprised that Lady Flanders, who seems to be such a friend of homeless wanderers, had not given him his wife's new address. He told me that he had spoken with her ladyship that very afternoon."

"I know nothing about that," said Fillmore, whose sombre aspect had lightened somewhat during this speech; "but I found Mrs. Lancaster at Lady Flanders' house: she went with me to see Bendibow, and afterwards I accompanied her back to Lady Flanders'. She seemed to be in a very low and anxious frame of mind; and there can be no doubt that she has been with Lady Flanders ever since she left her own house. As to the suggestion about Mr. Moore, I have the honor of that gentleman's acquaintance, and I could easily convince Mr. Philip Lancaster that he has no cause for misgiving on that score."

"The fact still remains that Mr. Lancaster did not know where his wife was. However, we can let that pass. Has it occurred to you, sir, that you owe me an apology?"

"I cannot find words in which to apologize for so great a wrong," said Fillmore, in a husky voice. "I cannot express, either, the joy I feel that it was a wrong. Oh, madame . . . Perdita! how can I think about you or judge you dispassionately! You cannot punish me so much as the anguish I have endured has already punished me! I thought I could not bear not to have you love me: but now, that seems a delight in comparison with the misery of thinking that you had given yourself to him."

"Well, there seems to have been a contagion of error," said Perdita, with a queer smile. "Now that so much has been corrected, perhaps you may even come to your senses with regard to me! You are certainly a persistent man: 'tis a pity I am not a yielding woman."

"I can never give you up!" Fillmore said again.

"What! Had you not given me up an hour ago?"

"No: less than ever. I would have followed you—anywhere!"

"It would have been in vain," said Perdita, shaking her head. "I have too much regard for you to let you pick me out of the mud, Mr. Fillmore: and too little regard for myself to submit to be saved on those terms. When I am driven to extremity, there is another bride-

groom who is waiting for me even more patiently than you are, and who, unlike you, is certain to have me at last."

"Do not smile so, and talk of death!" exclaimed Fillmore passionately. "There is more life in the thought of you than in the flesh and blood of any other woman!"

"You are welcome to the thought of me, if you will forego the rest!" returned Perdita with a sigh. "But really, sir, that is a finer compliment than I should have expected to hear from a man so reserved as you. No—let us speak of something else. If all that you tell me be true, we may expect a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster. It will only be a question of time."

Fillmore moved his head, but said nothing.

"You have no sentiment," pursued the Marquise laughingly. "It will be an affecting scene, if you think of it! Lovers' reconciliations are worth the quarrel it costs to have them. Our friend Philip will be happier than ever, and he will give us a beautiful poem, inspired by his new experience; something that will make 'Iduna' seem crude and cold! There will be no drawback to his contentment!"

Something ironical in Perdita's tone struck Fillmore's ear, but he did not understand it, and remained silent.

"Too much happiness is dangerous," she went on: "it would be the part of friendship to abate a little of it. What do you think?"

"I am no friend of Mr. Lancaster's," said Fillmore, shortly.

"You are very dull, sir!" exclaimed the Marquise, giving him a sparkling glance. "If you are no friend of his, think how much reason I have to be his friend! When he was a youth, whom no one knew, he formed the acquaintance of the Marquis, and came to our house, and read me his first little poems, which I praised, and encouraged him to write more, so that his first book, the 'Sunshine of Revolt,' was my godchild, and at that time I was its only reader. I saw that he had intellect; but his nature was timid, suspicious, self-conscious, and cold; he dissected himself and mistrusted others. He had the poetic gift, but wanted the courage and vigor of the heart to use it: his fear of ridicule made him prefer criticism to creation: he could imagine himself to be so much that he was content to become nothing. His ambition made him vain, and his vanity made him indolent. He needed a stronger and more active spirit,—something to make him plunge into difficulties and struggles, and not to care if fools shrugged their shoulders. I thought I could supply what he lacked,—that I could give him the blood and the warmth to render his great faculties practical. He ought to have understood the value of such companionship as I offered him!" said Perdita, speaking with more intensity. "But what he says is not like what he is; he is a man who has fears and hesitations,—the kind of man that I despise! What right had he to marry? Was not I better than marriage? But really, Mr. Fillmore, these poets are great fools: they promise a great deal, and some of them write very charmingly; but a lawyer is more of a man!"

Fillmore's face indicated that he was beginning to recover from his dullness. Still, he dared not hope too soon; it might be that Perdita's words, as well as Philip's, could imply more than she meant. He waited to hear more. But she recommenced at an unexpected point.

"I have read those papers," she said, rising and going to a secretary, from a drawer of which she took Grantley's packet. "Sir Francis knew when to die: here

is what would have made it impossible for him to live. He was false, cowardly and selfish beyond belief! And my father—Charles Grantley—was as noble as the other was base: too noble! I have no sympathy with such generosity. Let a man be as true as steel, but as hard and deadly, too, when there is need! But he was my father: I know that now, and I'm going to act upon it!"

"In what way?" asked Fillmore.

"To have my rights," answered Perdita, lifting her head.

"Who has deprived you of them?"

She laughed. "That is no more than I expected. I have been yielding and complaisant so long that people—even you—have forgotten I have any rights to claim. But I am tired . . . that does not amuse me any longer. I am going to take what my father gave me."

"What did he give you?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Of course you are not in earnest," said Fillmore with a smile.

"Mr. Lancaster will not agree with you."

The lawyer looked at her, and became grave. "It is too late. You passed it on to him."

"No!" said Perdita, planting her white hand on the papers upon the table. "Philip Lancaster appropriated a legacy which I did not know belonged to me. There was at that time no proof that the author of the will was my father. There was only a presumption, which, for reasons that I gave you, I refused to adopt. The death of Sir Francis, and the opening of this packet, have changed the whole matter. The proof is here, and the reasons that might influence me to disregard it no longer exist. I shall claim my right: I shall take what is mine: let him prevent me who can!"

"The possession by the other party makes against you," said Fillmore. "Your surrender of the property would be an obstacle to your claiming it now. It is not easy to play fast and loose with twenty thousand pounds. You should have stated your objections earlier."

"Tell me, sir, what proof was there, until now, that Mr. Grant was my father?"

"There was probability; and an understanding that proof could be produced if necessary."

"But it was not produced! And in the absence of it, how could Philip Lancaster, any more than I, lay claim to the legacy? His belief goes for nothing; a man would believe anything for the sake of twenty thousand pounds. The will directs that he is to possess the legacy only in case that I reject it. It is only within these two days that I have known it was mine to reject. But I shall not reject it; I shall keep it:—do you mean to tell me that he has had the audacity to lay hands upon it?"

"I scarcely know even now whether you are in earnest," said Fillmore, who was certainly perplexed. "There may have been technical delays in the way of his actually touching the money, but there can be no doubt that he has been regarded as the owner of it, and has acted accordingly. He has incurred expenses, in the furnishing of his house, and other matters, which he never could have afforded otherwise. For you to insist upon your claim now, would inevitably be his ruin."

"I have nothing to do with that," said the Marquise, smiling, "though I may be sorry that he has been so precipitate."

"This can only be caprice in you," said Fillmore, gravely. "The legacy is nothing to you. You have property to ten times that amount."

"I must be allowed to understand my own requirements, sir."

"You must have other reasons than those you state. It is not to benefit yourself but to injure him that you do this."

The Marquise shrugged her shoulders. "Say, if you like, that to injure him benefits me."

"How should it benefit you?"

"How should it not? Does it not benefit me to injure my enemy?—the man I hate! Has he not injured me? Is it no injury to have such things said of me as you repeated a while ago? Could they have been said if he had not authorized them? Do you pretend you love me, and do you let me be insulted by a man who gives it to be believed that I agreed to elope with him? Oh, if I were a man . . . no! A woman is better!—except when she is fool enough to love!"

Fillmore stood up, his face reddening. "No man shall insult you without giving an account to me," he said, speaking with a certain stiffness of utterance. "My love for you gives me that right, whether you admit it or not. I should be slow to believe that Mr. Lancaster can be capable of doing what you suspect; but if he did, he shall answer for it."

"In what way?"

"In the way customary between gentlemen," replied Fillmore haughtily.

"That will not suit me," said the Marquise, shaking her head. "I am neither old enough nor young enough to care to be the subject of a duel, especially on such grounds. I must fight my battles in my own way; but you shall be my weapon, if you will."

"Your weapon?"

"Yes: my legal thunderbolt! You shall conduct my case against him."

"I cannot do that!" said Fillmore after a pause.

"Can you not? Then there can be nothing more between you and me. I will never see you again."

"It would not be honorable," exclaimed Fillmore, bending forward and grasping the edges of the table with his hands. "I was employed to draw up the will, and I have acted in Mrs. Lancaster's interests, and in

those of her husband. I could not retain my standing and integrity as a lawyer, and do what you ask. I could not justify it to myself as a man. My profession has brought me to a knowledge of all the crime and weakness and rascality in human nature; and I have always tried to do right and justice, and I have never, for any cause, been a rascal myself. If I were to do this, it would be the last act of my professional life." Fillmore was extraordinarily moved; his voice faltered, and he stopped.

"In other words," said Perdita, with the quiet mercilessness that sometimes showed itself in her character, "you think our acquaintance has gone far enough. I agree with you, sir. I will not detain you any longer."

"No: I cannot give you up," returned Fillmore, after a short silence. He sighed heavily. In the struggle of opposing wills, he felt that the woman had the advantage. "If I refuse," he said, "you threaten me with a punishment greater than I can bear. But if I consent . . ." he stepped forward and put his hands strongly upon her shoulders, and looked with power into her eyes. It was the first time he had ever touched her, save to take her hand in greeting or farewell. She could feel the emotion that made his arms vibrate. It gave her a new impression of him.

"What do you wish?" she asked in a gentle tone.

"What will you give me in return for what I give you?"

Perdita looked down, and hesitated.

"What will satisfy you?" she asked at length.

"You will satisfy me! Nothing else. Will you give me yourself?"

"For that, you will do all I ask?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let it be so!" she said, looking up with a momentary smile.

Fillmore stooped and kissed her. A strange, reckless sort of happiness filled his heart. He was no longer the man he had been; but Perdita was his reward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEEKING THE LIGHT.

A rose-tree climbed by the window side,
Coronated over with green:
And ambient kisses of sunlit May,
And crystal dew at the close of day,
Wooded the pearly buds that folded, hide
The crown of the summer's queen.

Under the floor so damp and cold,
Under the floor in the dearth and mould,
A strong root ran that felt the life
Of the outside world with beauty rife;
And it pushed a tendril up to see
If any chance of growth could be.
Not a glint was there of sun or dew,
Not a gleam of light the darkness through;
But cobwebs and clay, and pebbles and dust;
It must grow through these, if grow it must.

The roses bloomed by the window side,
Creamy and sweet and fair;
The royal crowns of a royal June;
The gold of a summer's golden noon;
Cups of the gods, distilling wide,
Ambrosia on the air.

Up through the steps of stone so cold,
Up through the steps a tale was told—
Of life that would live because it must,
Of life and growth in darkness and dust,
For a green leaf smiled at the blossoms rare,
Showering their glory everywhere;
And more to me than the roses' gold
Was the wealth of praise one leaf could hold.
Ah, leaf so brave, how many there be,
In human life, seeking life like thee!

E. T. H.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Figs and Thistles," "Bricks Without Straw," "John Eaz," Etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PUNIC PEACE.

A THIRD of a century before the time of which we write, a strange treaty had been ratified between Liberty and Slavery. Out of the territory then recently acquired from France it was proposed to erect a new state. Should Slavery or Freedom prevail within its borders? This was the question that, in 1820, arose in the minds of people and legislators when it was proposed to make out of the vast, unbounded territory that lay beyond the Mississippi, the new State of Missouri.

The circumstances attending this first actual introduction of the slavery question into national politics are worthy of something more than a passing notice at the hands of the student of the great movement which for more than forty years thereafter gave tone and color to almost every event of our political history. It should be noted, first of all, that the political instrumentalities of that day were entirely different from those with which we are now familiar. The country was in the transition period, when personal power and individual popularity, as means by which political bodies were made to cohere, were about to give way to the organizations which have since been known as parties. Up to that time such a thing as a party, in the modern acceptance of that term in America, had been unknown. It was a development that grew out of the established facts in our history, however, as naturally as the oak is evolved from the acorn. Such a thing was not contemplated in the original plan of our government.

English political writers are wont to sneer at our Constitution because it is a written one. They declare it to be inelastic, rigid and not adaptable to circumstances. They claim that it is an invention and not a growth; that it limits progress instead of being shaped by events. This charge is not only fallacious but absurd. Yet it has been very generally admitted by political writers. A written constitution is only the formulation of previous growth. All that the English people had acquired of civil and religious liberty, as well as all that the colonies had learned before the Revolution and during the battle-heated years of that momentous struggle—may be found in the weighty provisions of our organic law. Not only does it mark the antecedent growth, but experience has shown that a written constitution is far more easily amended and improved than an unwritten one whose first distinctive feature is the absurd declaration that it is already the perfection of human wisdom and universal justice. The written form supplies to a healthy degree

the place of that reverence for rank and tradition which in England counterbalances the progressive tendency of the people. Lacking this inherited check upon the impulse of the moment, the barriers of our Constitution were designed, and have proved themselves sufficient to restrain the popular impulse until the passing sentiment has grown and ripened into a mature conviction. Then they are swept away. A written constitution, while it is the bulwark behind which conservatism rallies its forces to prevent sudden and ill-advised change, yet lends itself to well-considered amendment with a readiness that the unwritten Constitution of England has never displayed. The one is changed by the will of a requisite majority of voters in two-thirds of the states. Public opinion has only to express itself with sufficient emphasis to transform at once the written constitution into perfect accord with the popular will. The unwritten one, upon the contrary, despite the fact that its chief boast is its flexibility, must wait until a generation of judges have grown up under the influence of some new thought before its domains can be enlarged. The one permits an immediate expression of the public will; the other only a remote reflection of it.

Our Constitution is no stranger even to that unconscious change which comes only by a modified public sentiment with regard to specific provisions. Of this peculiar adaptability of our fundamental law to varying conditions and unanticipated development, without awaiting the process of formal amendment, there could be no better illustration than the growth of that political machinery which we call party.

In the Constitution devised by the fathers no provision was made for any such instrumentality for ascertaining the will of the people as a political party. Indeed, it was not anticipated that the popular will would be directly appealed to for a decision of public questions. It was intended that the people should choose rulers. It was believed that men would be elected to legislative and executive positions, not by reason of any previously expressed opinions upon specific questions, or because of their known inclination toward any particular line of public policy, but simply because of their capacity, integrity and general fitness for the duty of framing or executing laws. These men were not expected to perform the people's will, but to secure the general welfare by the exercise of their own discretion, irrespective of what their constituents might desire. It was believed that the populace was not always to be trusted to know what was good for itself, much less

what would truly subserve the interests of the future, and could only be allowed to choose men to think and act for it. The idea was a beautiful one, but from the very first it was an absolute failure. The people had taken up the notion of self-government in dead earnest. They construed the "Declaration of Independence" literally, and insisted upon governing themselves in their own way. They rebelled against the idea of sending men to represent their power merely, and demanded that they should represent their will also. Almost before the new government had been put into operation it had been so extended by the force of universal construction as to change its whole character. The people insisted upon deciding all important questions for themselves and in advance of their determination by the law-making power. Instead of selecting a man purely because of his personal fitness for the task of legislation, they also inquired if his opinions upon questions likely to arise for his action were in harmony with those of the majority whose servant they persisted in considering him. Instead of choosing for their chief executive the man who was deemed the greatest, wisest and most patriotic of his time, they began to prefer this one or that because of his peculiar views in regard to the construction of the Constitution, the limits of state and federal power, and the relation of the executive to the legislative and judicial branches. This was neither intended nor foreseen by the framers of the Constitution. Indeed, its forms were expressly designed to forestall such a contingency. But the people were not to be balked of self-government. The electoral college, which was devised as a bulwark against any such ultra-democratic tendency upon the part of the masses, lent itself to their will as readily as the intersecting streets and avenues of the capital, originally designed to promote defensive operations against anticipated popular tumult, lend themselves to-day to peaceful adornment.

Out of this irrepressible inclination of the people for the immediate exercise of the functions of government grew the American idea of party. In order to make the electoral college the simple recorder of the will of the majority, concert of action became necessary. Men who were pledged to vote for certain popular favorites were at first presented in groups by voluntary promoters of the interests of the aspirant in order to secure for him the popular support. Thus the elector, instead of being such in fact, became simply an agent of those by whom he was chosen and was bound in honor to do their will, even though his own judgment and inclination pointed otherwise. To apply the same method to all other offices was but a natural step toward the seizure of all power by the people. When this was effected only one thing more remained to be done, and that was to select the candidate for whom the consolidated vote should be cast by some concerted action. The convention of delegates chosen by voluntary associations of voters, authorized to prepare a declaration of principles, and select candidates for the support of those who approve the doctrines of the platform, was then unheard of. This was all that was needed for the complete development of the American party as it now is, and the transformation of the Constitution from an instrument designed to prevent concert of action among the voters into a plan of government that renders unorganized political action the height of individual stupidity. Party organization, while it has in a measure made the exercise of individual choice impossible, has rendered the will of the majority much more effectual. The voter loses something of free will, but the people gain immensely in power by this growth, which fastened itself upon our Constitu-

tion in defiance of the intent of its framers, and in accord with the genius of a people bent upon carrying the principle of self-government to its legitimate end.

At that time slavery had not yet developed into a national question. Public opinion had not yet crystallized for or against it as an institution of the future. Here and there, throughout all sections, were found men far-seeing enough to dread its continuance and growth. Its abolition in the states of the North had been accomplished with very little agitation. The proportion of slave-owners was too few, and the general tone of the public mind too evidently hostile to make the struggle either prolonged or doubtful. Perhaps this very fact tended to divert the public mind from the importance of the institution in those states where this condition of affairs was reversed. The ease with which it had been banished from Northern States led to the belief that it would gradually disappear even from its Southern strongholds. It was generally supposed that the growth of these communities in population, in commercial and manufacturing enterprises, would sooner or later so overpower the agricultural slave-interest that the mere fact of its false economy and baneful influence upon the white race would secure its voluntary extinction. It was believed that if confined within specific limits it must sooner or later die from the action of its own exhaustive forces. A constant accession of new territory, a fresh supply of virgin soil, was looked upon as an essential element of its continuance. It was for this reason among others that not a few of all parties throughout the country had been opposed to the "Louisiana Purchase." For the first time in our history public attention was directed to slavery as a national question by the acquisition of this territory, and the inquiry at once arose, Is it to be "free" or "slave"? Were the already exhausted areas of slavery to be enlarged by newer and richer domains? Was the over-crowded slave population of Virginia to find a profitable outlet in the fertile fields of the far Southwest? Was the market value of the slave, which had already begun to depreciate, to be at once enhanced by opening up fresh fields in which his labor might be profitably employed? Was the young republic to give a still greater proportion of its area to slavery? Was slave-breeding and slave-trading to become as much a part of our internal economy as stock-raising or sheep-farming?

These questions had but vaguely shaped themselves in the public mind when it was proposed that still another state should be carved out of the "Louisiana Purchase." Of the aspirants for presidential honors at that time there was perhaps but one who did not look with dread to the agitation of this question. Whatever its results to the nation at large, its immediate effect upon their individual prospects was of so uncertain a character as to render its discussion at least unadvisable so far as they were concerned. As it chanced, the most strenuous advocates of slavery among these presidential aspirants—at least those having the most direct personal interest in the subject—looked for the bulk of their support to those states of the North in which the feeling in regard to slavery was already becoming most clearly defined and evidently hostile; while, on the other hand, those whose sentiments had hitherto been most outspoken upon the question of personal liberty and right looked for much of their support to the states of the South in which slavery was most strongly seated. Oddly enough, the Southern slaveholder was, in theory, the most rampant of personal-liberty-loving republicans. Of their own individual rights no class of men were ever more jealous. Not one iota of the right to rule would

they abandon on any consideration. The flexing of the Constitution from its original purpose and intent was very largely their work. The barriers which stood between the citizen and the citadel of federal power they labored with angry vehemence to tear down. The very imperiousness that made them masters led them to prize the privilege of being co-equal rulers of the nation. Counting the "all men" of the Declaration as intended only to embrace the white race, and indeed only such individuals of the white race as might be given the privilege of participating in the government, they were untiring in their efforts to secure and possess this privilege. Regarding human chattelism as a divine institution, they were yet peculiar champions of individual right in the direction of the government. Denying the African's claim to the meanest of human rights, they were ever ready to fight to the death for the most insignificant of individual privileges for the Caucasian. Even when they doubted the policy of slavery, they would not yield the right to enslave.

Thus it came about that while the tide of public sentiment was already setting quietly but strongly in the North against the extension and perpetuation of slavery; while the legislature of Virginia was seeking to find some method by which the increase of slave population within her borders might be checked—these tentative movements had not yet assumed sufficient form and consistency to justify any of the presidential aspirants in making this question a material part of the canvass then commencing. It was well understood that if once seriously broached, it might produce results which no one could foresee. There were men, even at that time, who were willing to undergo persecution in order to awaken the public conscience to a thorough comprehension of what they deemed an evil of unparalleled magnitude. The slaveholding element was always fierce and impetuous—jealous to the extreme of everything that bore the guise of interference with what they deemed a right conceded and guaranteed by the federal compact.

When the territory now known as Missouri, in which slavery had already taken up its abode, and where it had during the period elapsing since its acquisition been tolerated and protected by the laws of the land—when this territory applied for permission to assume organic form as a state of the American Union, this troublesome question threatened to assume definite shape and become a national issue. Everyone was aware of a strong undertow of feeling throughout the Northern States which was hostile to the extension of the territorial limits of slavery. Everyone knew that the South would rise *en masse*, without regard to political affiliation or preference, to demand the admission of this territory as a slave state. Threats of secession were freely made should this not be conceded. That there were some who desired to precipitate the conflict which afterwards occurred, there is no doubt. There were many upon both sides of the question who believed it was unadvisable to delay a final determination of it, there can be no doubt, but—as is nearly always the case with a matter the result of which is so momentous and doubtful—the policy of delay prevailed. The advocates of slavery and the champions of freedom among the people's representatives in Congress assembled, fixed upon a compromise, satisfactory to neither but serving for the time being to keep the main question in abeyance. It was agreed between these self-constituted plenipotentiaries that all of the untrodden West, north of a certain line prolonged until it should strike the shores of the Pacific, should from and after the passage of that bill be solemnly dedicated to free-

dom, and that all south of said line should constitute the undisturbed domain of slavery. It was a negotiation made by those who had no power to treat; a dedication made by those who had no right to grant; a compromise by which it was proposed to bind two powers which had given no authority to those who assumed to act for them. Nevertheless, the treaty was concluded, and the solemn farce was heralded throughout the North as a triumph of liberty, and at the South as a victory won for slavery. Two little sections of an act of Congress passed into history under the name and style of the "Missouri Compromise." It was said to be morally binding upon the North, as the especial representative of liberty. It was claimed to be a guarantee in behalf of the South, as the impersonation of slavery. It was accounted by almost all a final determination of a vexatious, and possibly dangerous, question.

For a third of a century this fiction was maintained. Slavery and freedom mustered undisturbed on their respective sides of this imaginary line. Freedom occupied without objection the far Northwest. Slavery laid its hands upon the farther South. Again, at the period of which we write, the hostile forces, now more definitely defined and thoroughly organized approached the flimsy barrier which had been erected to keep them apart. The territory now occupied by the states of Kansas and Nebraska was the tempting bait that invited to a renewal of the conflict.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE.

THE struggle between the two opposing ideas, as we have seen, had grown more and more intense, until it had culminated in the victory of the Southern idea in the passage and enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. Their triumph seemed to have made drunk the opponents of the Abolition movement. The insignificance of the vote polled by the "Free Democracy" in the Presidential struggle of 1852, as well as the overwhelming success of the declared exponent of the policy on which that law was based, no doubt did very much to induce the friends of slavery to believe that any demand they might make would not only be conceded by their party but submitted to by the nation. When the "Missouri Compromise" was adopted, it was not generally believed that the region west of the west line of Missouri and north of 36° 30' north latitude would ever be of any value. Its distance from the great markets of the world, under the conditions then affecting the problem of transportation, was supposed to render it unavailable even for stock-raising. The great Northwest was then a wilderness. Where the garden of the world now is, there was silence. Illinois was just born into the sisterhood of states. Where the Queen City of the West now sits, a miracle of busy life, there was only a slender stockade and a little cluster of huts. The seats of empire that lay beyond were hardly deemed habitable. The prairie was thought to be bleak and untamable; the forest dark and impenetrable. What lay to the southward of the line of compromise was known to be fertile; what was to the northward was believed to be sterile. So Slavery exulted in the bargain that was made, believing that the rich domain secured to her thereby would easily counterbalance in power the possibilities of what had been surrendered.

This contest between freedom and slavery for the power to be derived from the statocracy of the national domain is an interesting and instructive chapter of our

history. Of the thirteen original states, six were either free or soon became so, while the others retained the institution of slavery in the territory belonging to them. The first state to be created out of the unorganized territory of the nation added still another to the preponderating power of slavery. It was Kentucky, in 1791, counterbalanced, in the same year, by Vermont, which had never known slavery in its limits. Tennessee followed in 1796, with the "institution" inherited from her mother, North Carolina. After a furious struggle, Ohio, with a free constitution, was carved out of the public domain in 1802. In 1812 Louisiana restored once more the original preponderance of slavery. In 1816 Indiana added another name to the roll of freedom. Mississippi restored the former condition in 1817. Illinois took her place on the other side in 1818. Slavery brought forward Alabama in 1819, and freedom, after a desperate contest, secured a place for Maine in 1820. Thitherto the two hostile forces had achieved alternate advantages. Then Slavery increased her lead by two—Missouri, in 1821, and Arkansas, in 1836. Michigan offset one of these in 1837, only to be counterbalanced by Florida in 1845, the twin of Iowa, admitted upon the same day—the result of a bargain between the two great powers. Texas, conquered for the express purpose of preserving the balance of power in favor of slavery, was admitted in 1845, and balanced by Wisconsin in 1847. Then California came in 1850, the people taking the matter into their own hands and coming to the national legislature with a voluntary constitution framed and adopted without specific legal authority, but expressly excluding slavery from her soil. With this in their hands the freemen of the new El Dorado demanded admission to the family of states and could not be refused. Then the roll of the slave states was complete. This alternation was by no accident of growth. By long continued yielding it came to be regarded as a sort of common law that the equipoise should be thus maintained. In sixty years nine slave states and eight in which bondage was forbidden had been added to the list of constituent commonwealths. That portion of the public domain which had been assigned to slavery by the Compromise, so far as it was then available, or was likely soon to become so, was exhausted. On the other hand the Northwest was already gravid with new states. Minnesota and Oregon were clamoring at the national portal. The tide of civilization had poured across the Mississippi, following the footsteps of the modern Argonauts. The desert trail was found to be lined with flowers. The prairies proved to be rich with the mould of the ages. Where the buffalo had wandered undisturbed the smoke of the settler's cabin arose. The church and the school-house, the infallible insignia of a New England civilization, were almost hidden by the giant growth of maize. The boundless meadows lay laughing in the sunshine. The riches of the East were poverty compared with this. Liberty discerned its worth, and sent her sons to enter in and occupy. Along all its creeks and rivers; in the little belts of woodland, wherever thrift and foresight could discover especial excellence, there the hardy Northern pioneer built his sod-cabin or lighted his camp-fire and staked his claim. Already this territory was swarming with settlers and would soon be ready for admission as a state.

Under these circumstances, Slavery turned its eyes eagerly upon the fertile plains. Only the Compromise of 1820 stood between it and this gem of the national domain. Frail barrier! Hitherto it had been permitted to stand because there had been no desire to go beyond.

Now that the lust of possession tempted, it must be swept away. Upon this question the South was not a unit, but she had so often triumphed by threats that she never doubted their potency. So she demanded flatly that the clauses excluding slavery from the territories west of Missouri and north of its southern line, should be absolutely repealed. The North, that had sullenly submitted to the Fugitive Slave law, burst into a strange fever of wrath at this demand. The Compromise, which had been always thitherto the weapon of the South, they now seized in their own defense. No one had the hardihood in serious earnest to claim that it was not repealable. The power that debarred had also an undoubted right to admit it. Some did claim that the act of 1820 was, in some sense, a consecration of the soil to freedom, and therefore, by the common law of liberty, inviolate; but the theory was worthier of the domains of sentiment than the forum of reason. The South, exultant in her late success, pressed for her legal right to clear from the path of every citizen all obstacles to his occupation of the common national domain. The course of reasoning she adopted upon this question may be summarized, thus:

1. The Congress of 1820, was not, and could not have been, authorized to make a permanent exclusion of slavery from any part of the national domain.
2. Every citizen of every state has a right to carry with him into the unorganized territory of the United States all the rights and privileges with which he is clothed as a citizen of such state.
3. He has the right to take with him any property he may possess in the state from which he migrates, to hold and enjoy the same in the territory, and to be protected in such enjoyment by the federal law.

To this the North offered:

1. The answer of the Abolitionists: Slavery, being an evil if not a crime, if the Constitution recognizes it at all it is only to permit its existence in those states where it was at the time of its adoption, and gave no right to establish it in territory not embraced in their original limits.
2. The response of the more conservative Northron, who recognized slavery as a legal fact in the slave states, but regarded it as an evil, to be fought with every lawful weapon, and to be eradicated peacefully and legally, as soon as possible; that the South, having assented to the Compromise of 1820, and received benefits thereunder in the creation, practically, without opposition, of eight slave states morally bound by its conditions.

To these the South rejoined:

1. We have, both as citizens and as states, the same rights in the public domain as you. You are not shut out of any part of it; neither should we be. Your rights of property are secured to you in Texas; in like manner ours should be secured to us in Kansas.
2. The Compromise of 1820 was a simple exclusion. We were barred from an empire. You suffered no detriment therefrom. The non-slaveholder—the free laborer—was not excluded from an inch of our soil. Because we have submitted to this injustice for thirty years and more, we are not barred from reclaiming a right, the resumption of which can injure no one. We do not object to your entering the territory; by what right do you seek to exclude us and our possessions?

These objections were not fully met. The North was hardly in a mood for argument. The hostility to slavery which had spread and smouldered year after year, now burst all bounds. By some strange process the institution had become queerly personified in the Northern mind. It was almost entirely disassociated from the

Southern people in their thought. It was a reality, a thing, a material existence which they looked upon as doing, claiming and resisting quite independently of its mere instruments and agents—the people of the South. Against this intangible yet conscious essence the heart of the North was aglow with wrath. The Fugitive Slave law had been looked upon as a step of defiant aggression on the part of the hated institution. Their instinctive love of law, and the inherited reverence for the Constitution had endured even this exasperating strain; but underneath the calm exterior there were sullen murmurings that should have warned the friends of slavery that they could go no further. Unfortunately the people of the South had never idealized the institution of slavery so as to disassociate themselves from it. It was their right—their institution—and hostility thereto not only implied but actually covered and concealed a positive animosity against all who were beneficially interested in it. So opposition to slavery meant hatred of the South to them and they urged their right all the more fiercely because of the unreasonable prejudice against themselves which they believed to lie at the bottom of opposition to it, and they were undoubtedly right in their claim so far as the Constitution was concerned. The better reasoning was in favor of their claim for equal enjoyment of the public domain; but the hostility to slavery had reached that point where one more act of aggression on its part was sure to provoke a conflict, and when the conflict came slavery was certain to go to the wall.

The act was consummated: The South won, and her victory accomplished the ruin of the institution in behalf of which the battle was fought. The Missouri Compromise was repealed. At once throughout the North there ran a flame of indignation. "Free Kansas or fight!" rang from mountain and valley. In an instant the past was dead. The political issues of the past grew stale in an hour. The ghost of the old Whig party wandered still here and there. The secret ritual of the "Know Nothings" was not sufficient to hold men to their allegiance to the American party. The question that had been thrust aside so often had at length found entrance into national politics, and Slavery and Freedom stood face to face, not only on the plains of Kansas but in every village and hamlet in the land. A band of citizens of Michigan called for a convention to form a party in the state, to be composed of "all who were opposed to the aggressions of slavery." The word was fitly chosen. Many thousands who would not have uttered a word or lifted a hand against slavery in the states, were ready to fight to the death against what they deemed its "aggressions."

The new party was called Republican. It sprung into life like Minerva. In a day it had swallowed up, like Aaron's rod, all parties except its one great enemy. The lightning spread the contagion. State after state made haste to furnish its contingent. Men woke in the morning Whigs or Know Nothings and slept at night Republicans. The past was rolled away as a scroll. The present filled the earth.

The shrieker for freedom—the professional Abolition orator who had shouted for so many years apparently in vain—found himself now upon the crest of the wave. The "aggressions of slavery" had suddenly vivified

all his old arguments. He stood a prophet justified in his own day. Where he had met revilings before, he heard only plaudits now. The abstraction of yesterday had become a reality to-day. The spirit of liberty was mustering its hosts for the Armageddon with slavery. Kansas was the advance post of both. Here came the first skirmish.

The South has never been backward in maintaining what it conceived to be its right, nor has it ever stopped to count the odds against it. No matter how much of boasting it may have done; no matter how mistaken its views, it has always been ready to vouch for them with blood. The South believed it had an abstract right to carry slavery into Kansas, and it was not slow to assert that right. It sent its voluntary representatives to take and hold. They came from far and near. Missouri overflowed with typical plantation-grown, slave-nursed, slave-holding and slave-raising Americans, who counted the right to enslave inalienable in the free-man and were willing to fight for it as an inestimable privilege. They were called, north of the mystic line that separated the realms so strangely bound together, "Border Ruffians."

The East and North mustered their forces at once to hold the territory against all attempts to establish slavery in its borders. Money flowed like water. Tools, provisions, arms were furnished all who would go and settle there. The anti-slavery societies sent out armed colonies. A reign of rapine, blood and plunder followed. The fury of the South for the first time met the sturdy resolution of the North. While a desultory warfare was waged upon her plains Kansas was the watchword of a more important conflict in the national arena. They were called in the section where slavery held sway, "Jay-Hawkers."

Names are things in the world of politics, and epithets become weapons of offense or defense in every struggle between conflicting dogmas.

For the first time, in the presidential election of 1856, slavery came to be the question at issue between the two great parties of the country—not its rights, nor yet its policy, but its "aggressions." It was the trial trip of the new party. It was hardly a year since its banner had been unfurled. It was cumbered with fears and fossils. Many of its members still called themselves by other names. Very few had forgotten the idols they had worshipped. There was the hazard that attends all new ventures—the half-heartedness, the distrust, the thrifty inclination not to go so far as to make retreat impossible. The man chosen to lead was one who had nothing to lose. Fortune favored him even when it marked him for disaster. The young giant did not overcome its veteran antagonist, but the struggle was so close that any unprejudiced observer might easily have seen that the death-grapple had begun. A party that had never cast a presidential vote before had brought the best-trained opponent the country had ever known—the victor in many a conflict—to the very edge of defeat. The "aggressions of slavery" had healed all dissensions in the ranks of its foe. It had won in the first skirmish; the reconnaissance in force had been repulsed, but over against it was an enemy devoted solely to its destruction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE HOUSEHOLD—VENTILATION.

WHOEVER approaches this apparently simple yet actually complicated and bewildering question, is at the outset in partial or complete despair. For, from the beginning, the mission of man has been to fight day and night against the admission of the element, without which existence is impossible. Black death, plague, leprosy, all manner of diseases have been the witness of his victory over an element which, excluded, can always find its own revenge, and even to-day, with all the enlightenment of this most enlightened century, the battle still goes on.

Theoretically, we all admit that it must rule. Practically, we deny it hour by hour. Millions of dollars have been spent in perfecting systems, all of which have come to nothing. The Senate Chamber and House of Representatives at Washington are both deliberately arranged in such fashion that sunlight and air are alike impossible, and the latter can only come from force-pumps in the cellar. It is true that air-holes under each seat are warranted to give a pure atmosphere, but repeated personal observation has shown that when the openings are not used by our respected law-makers as spittoons, they are plugged with paper, this being the case with so large a proportion of them that one need not at all wonder at the character of the legislation going on above.

In our churches, theatres and all public places, the same ingenious methods prevail, and if, as sometimes in railway cars, ventilators are opened, there is always some enterprising man with cane or umbrella who shuts them, and then returns well pleased to his place, to breathe with calm enjoyment the rejected effluvia of all the laboring lungs about him. We, who would shrink from drinking from a stranger's or even a friend's cup, or eating from a plate already soiled by use, drink in unhesitatingly the breath—not as it enters the lungs, pure outer air, but as it is thrown off—laden not only with the natural weight of deadly carbonic acid gas, but with whatever personal peculiarity of disease or habit the breather may own—reeking with tobacco or liquor, with foul fumes of indigested food—with deadly germs from diseased lungs or other organs.

The picture is disgusting, but is it overdrawn? And if not, can any words be too strong against the passive acceptance of such a condition of things? For precisely as one should shrink from contact with leprosy or loathsome sore, should they shrink from the pollution of breathing an air tainted by passage through every sort of lung and as truly foul and indecent for one's own use as would be the food chewed by another and handed on to one's own plate for consumption. Yet people go on calmly, or if moved to temporary action, pass quickly from energy to apathy. The judge on his bench falls in an apopleptic fit induced by want of air! Women faint and are carried out of crowded theatres, where even if slight ventilation exists, every gas-jet means the consumption of air enough for eighteen lungs, no allowance having been made, however, for any such added draught upon resources. And in churches, rising at all points and thronged with seekers after spiritual life, the same results are found and disease and death in subtle disguises have their way with the body and thus with the soul.

The average school-room is as fatal, and children in them are the victims of slow murder, passing from a pale and nerveless childhood to a pale and nerveless man or womanhood. If air were only on sale and to be bought the world would be earning money for its purchase and would count no toil too great for a share in the precious possession. But as it is God's free gift, the portion of all, we shut it out or contentedly poison it, day and night.

A full-grown man averages about one hundred and fifty-four pounds in weight. One hundred and eleven of this is oxygen, drawn from the air we breathe, food and air being the two means by which bodies live. But food without air is useless. Only when it has first been dissolved in the stomach, carried by absorption into the blood, and, at last, by means of circulation, brought into contact with the oxygen of the air taken into our lungs, does it begin to either feed or nourish, so that the lungs may be said to be really the true stomach, and the other only a convenient receptacle on which to draw after deposit.

Any anatomy or physiology will give the details of structure which ought to be plain to all, and when this is thoroughly understood it will be easy to see why thirty-three hogsheads of air are used each day by every healthy pair of lungs, and what necessity exists for insuring a pure supply. It rests solely and wholly with ourselves whether this ebbing and flowing tide shall remain charged with poison—carrying death to every organ of the body, or shall receive its full supply of the vitalizing oxygen, and so cease to be weighed down and made powerless for good.

Fifty years ago ventilation was scouted, but it existed in spite of windows nailed down and cracks stuffed with cotton, the open chimneys making a constant draught and renewing the air in every room where a fire was burned. To-day we open windows more often, but furnace and gas both vitiate and consume air enough for many lungs, and thus comes the necessity for a method which shall give us the health of the old while retaining the advantages of the new. Whether this can be accomplished we are presently to see.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"You are so full of good things I am impelled to ask you what preparation is good for cleaning woolen clothing. Thirty years ago 'burning fluid' was just the thing, but that material is not now extant. The formula was this, I think: Camphene, two parts; alcohol, one part. But I may be mistaken. But what is camphene? Please enlighten me, if you can. Possibly some other compound will be equally efficacious. Very respectfully,
E. C. H., Yonkers, N. Y."

Ans.—Camphene is a variety of spirit of turpentine, and highly explosive. It is now superseded by benzine, which can be had by the gallon very cheaply, and in the use of which there is far less danger, though it should not be applied near gas or fire.

"DEAR EDITOR: I have read OUR CONTINENT with increased interest, and often thought of contributing toward the 'Household' column, but it has been so well supplied I could not add my mite. Do all our readers know that the stain made by the juice of peaches, whether fresh or canned, falling on or coming in contact with clothing or table linen can be taken out by spreading the articles on grass underneath, or by hanging them on the branches of apple trees when in blossom? This is an old housewife's rule, infallible, and will also take out other stains. I will not vouch for tomato stain, but the remedy is simple, easily tried, and within the reach of all. I have gained much information from OUR CONTINENT that has been and still is of use, and as you call for 'items of experience,' I venture to send these hints. Many mothers bemoan pretty dresses made useless by being supposedly ruined by juice from the peach. Interestedly yours,
G. A. D., Wallingford, Vt."

"DEAR EDITOR: Here is a very good dessert. I have had a great deal this summer. It can be made with raspberries as well as blackberries; with the latter it is called 'Blackberry Mush.' Stew a pint of blackberries till soft; mix three heaping teaspoonfuls of corn starch in cold water and pour it on the blackberries, slowly stirring as you pour, then add sugar to taste; two tablespoonfuls is a good sweetness. When well boiled up pour in mould, and when cold eat with cream.—E. M."

"Can you ask 'M. V. Patton' for the recipe for staining floors a 'rich dark brown, which dries in two days,' of which mention is made in the 'Household' of OUR CONTINENT for November 8, and give it in the paper? I have been looking for such a recipe, for some time.—E. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1882."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



APPREHENSION has been expressed in some quarters with regard to the effect of Democratic supremacy in the councils of the nation upon our commercial and financial interests. Especially is there an inclination to believe that the accession of that party to power will be fraught with peculiar peril to those manufacturing interests the prosperity of which depends upon a high protective tariff. There can be no doubt that the present depression in the iron trade is very largely to be attributed to the fact that manufacturers anticipate the probability of foreign production being admitted to compete with them upon practically even terms, which would cause an immediate suspension of their business. It is not without reason that such a result is anticipated when one considers only the principles and history of the party. The past has a sad array of silent wheels, blown-out furnaces and shattered industries, which stand as ghostly witnesses against the Democracy as an enemy of prosperity. The times have changed since then, however, and in nothing is that change more perceptible than in the surroundings of the Democratic party. While its platform and principles have not changed at all, except as the stern logic of events has compelled it to recognize the facts which mark its long sequence of continuous defeat, and while its *personale* has been modified only by its absorbing a still larger proportion of the Southern white vote, yet there is one fact which would seem to forbid any danger to our manufacturing industries from this source. More than seventy per cent of the reliable Democratic strength is to be found at the South. Holding those sixteen states solidly in its grasp, it has at the outset seventy-four per cent of a majority. Three-fourth of the vote by which it expects to elect a President in 1884 is to be found in those states. To hold their vote beyond all question is the first and most apparent duty of every Democratic partisan. If there is any one thing that they imperatively demand, that thing must be done. The Democracy of the North can be relied on to stand by the party without defection so long as the prospects of success are as good as they are to-day. There is a sort of theoretical antagonism to the tariff on the part of a considerable portion of them, but they are by no means agreed as to what should be done about it. Except a few featherhead doctrinaires who would either legislate for the whole world of follow British lead even if it landed them in perdition, the most part of the voters are able to see that free trade, in some direction or other, would cause their own shoes to pinch fearfully. These are, therefore, free-traders with an "if." They are willing to cry "down with the tariff," if there can be certain exception—if their craft is not endangered. In other words, the Northern Democracy, representing only twenty-five per cent of the electoral strength of the party, at the best, is not a unit by any means upon the question of free trade.

On the other hand, the South has a grievance on which it is practically unanimous. It is probable that if the whole party at the South could be put upon its *cour dire*, and every voter be required to state what he would especially desire and demand that the Democratic party should do on coming into power, ninety-nine out of every hundred would unhesitatingly and persistently cry out in favor of

a repeal of the Internal Revenue law as a *sine qua non* of their support. It is doubtful if any representative in Congress from that section, whatever his political proclivities, would dare to vote against such a repeal. In other words, it may be asserted as a fact beyond all question, that the entire South would unhesitatingly prefer the repeal of the Internal Revenue law to the removal of the tariff. That is the first demand which the South will have to make upon a successful Democracy, and it is one that cannot be refused. Whatever else the Democratic party may do upon its accession to power, it must repeal entirely the Internal Revenue system. Ever since the war it has been one of the great grievances of the South. Upon no other question was public opinion, in any part of the country, ever more thoroughly united. If the Democracy would hold the South it must do this thing. It must hold the South at all hazards if it would succeed in a Presidential contest. If the revenue derived from this source, or any considerable portion of it, is cut off, the tariff cannot be perceptibly reduced. It is fair, then, to conclude that the Democratic party will not, for many years at least, perceptibly diminish the duties upon imports, political necessity being far more potent than ancient principle.

NOT more than two or three years have passed since a leading weekly journal arbitrarily pronounced sentence of death upon literature based upon the manners and customs of New England, specifically condemning such work as had been done by Mrs. Stowe, Rose Terry Cooke, Sarah Orne Jewett and others. Judging from contemporary literature, the sentence does not seem to have been executed, and it is a noteworthy fact that the elegant volume, from whose illustrations the Messrs. Lippincott have kindly permitted us to make selections, in this number of OUR CONTINENT, finds its publisher west of the Hudson and we might almost say under the shadow of the Alleghanies.¹ It is not too much to say that no more elegant publication of its class has seen the light during a season exceptionally prolific of rare books. From cover to cover every page speaks of careful work on the part of author, artist, engraver, printer, binder and publisher. Aside from the interest which every New Englander must feel in the volume, commemorative, as it is, of social conditions that are fast passing away, there is an inner history belonging to it which is more than hinted at in Gail Hamilton's appreciative introduction. Of this we need not here speak, save to say that the book most worthily serves its office as a memorial volume to one whose life was eminently typical of what Dr. Holmes aptly terms the "Brahmin Caste." All its characteristics were so deeply graven on her memory that the attractions and excitements of wider social spheres served only to emphasize the recollections of childhood, and impel her to place in an enduring form what her quick intelligence had noted and her retentive memory preserved. In the sixteen chapters which compose the body of the

(1) NEW ENGLAND BYGONES. By E. H. ATT (Ellen H. Rollins). New edition, enlarged and illustrated. Introduction by Gail Hamilton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

work rural life is treated in nearly all its aspects—the church, the school, the farm, the home, society in its various forms, and nature in all her moods. At times keen powers of analysis manifest themselves, as in the descriptions of certain rugged leaders of men who wore homespun with a dignity that put to shame the finery of chance visitors from the distant city. All this has been most worthily illustrated, under the superintendence of Miss Emily Sartain, by the best artists and engravers of the time. The illustrations are eighty in number, distributed at short intervals throughout the two hundred and forty odd pages of the book. Among the artists we note the names of Howard Pyle, James D. Smilie, J. Pennell, R. S. Gifford, Leon Moran, T. Hovenden, A. B. Frost, W. M. Dunk and many others; while the engravings are by Fred. Juengling, L. Faber, J. W. Lauderbach, G. P. Williams, Lettie R. Willoughby, A. J. Whitney, and so many more that we have no space to enumerate them. Altogether the volume is most creditable to all who have been engaged in the very arduous labor of its preparation, and it will find a welcome in many a luxurious home which owes its elegance to the sturdy virtues of a Puritan ancestry. New England's children and grandchildren love her still, despite the inappreciative slurs of outsiders, and there is not an empty and deserted homestead on her hillsides that does not tell the story of lives that were long, brave struggles, and that have passed on, leaving fruition and fulfillment for the generation that owns, not only every good thing of the present, but all the slowly-ripened fruit of the past.

THE illustrated article on Oberlin College, with which this number of *THE CONTINENT* opens, is the first sketch of that institution given to the world in this form, and it will be read with interest by the foes as well as by the friends of this intensely radical and once unpopular community. It is worth noting here, as the fact does not conspicuously appear in the article itself, that, although colleges East and West had admitted colored students prior to Oberlin's action in relation to that class, Oberlin, during the "abolition" excitement, practically stood alone among colleges as a champion of equal rights in education. As with the question of color, so with that of sex. Co-education in an educational, moral and social point of view, and in every sense, had proved a complete success at Oberlin years before outside conservatism would admit the joint education of the sexes to be other than evil. In some respects Oberlin even, as a body politic, was a conservative radical: witness its perplexed discussions on the admission of colored students. For years it was not deemed "proper" for young women graduates from the classical course to read their own graduating essays, this duty being performed by members of the faculty.

THOUGH a popular English critic has lately announced, in a tone which would seem to settle all questions, that Canon Farrar's latest work is marked by all the "oily facility of the buttery periods written to please the popular ear," the fact remains that the student finds them as fascinating as the ordinary reader, and that this final fruit¹ of a work which began with the "Life of Christ" is worthy of taking rank with the best scholarship of the time. Canon Farrar has made his mark as one of the liberal thinkers of the day, belonging to the Broad Church movement, which has done more to vitalize modern English thought than any other religious party can boast. In fact, party is here almost an inadmissible word, for the Broad Church aims, as its name implies, to take in many varying shades of belief, sheltering them all under the comprehensive creed of

love to God and love to man. Yet Canon Farrar is thoroughly orthodox, and the entire work, which has occupied him for over twelve years, is really an exposition and defense of orthodox Christianity. The history of the founding of the Christian Church has already been written in the "Life of Christ" and "Life of St. Paul," and the present volume deals with the final writings in the New Testament, the Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, St. Jude and St. John and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. With the fervid and rapid style which distinguishes him, Canon Farrar gives a brilliant and faithful picture of the varieties of thought in the schools of Jerusalem and Alexandria, and the widely-separated phases of theology in the writings of Peter and John. He has caught the real spirit of that period which was both ending and beginning—the ending of the Roman power, besotted with heaped up crime and drowning at last in blood, and the beginning of a new story for mankind—the new fight, not for dominion over others, but over one's self. There is a remarkable combination of minute scholarship evidenced in the profuse foot-notes, and of a narrative power rarely excelled, his studies of character being so vigorous and picturesque that the whole period lives again. Often impassioned and always eloquent, the book is one to be read with deepest interest, and even where one disagrees most heartily with some of his conclusions, the volume is closed with a feeling that here is a better contribution to history than may be found in far more pretentious works.

WITH "Birthday-Books" made up, as several recent examples have been, from the almost unknown works of equally unknown authors, it was hoped that the lowest depth had been reached; these or a "Tupper Birthday-Book" being reasons for eschewing all birthdays forever. The reaction has come, as reactions always do, every evil holding its own germ of good, and we have, by all means, the most beautiful and perfect setting for such days that has yet been planned by editor or publisher. "The Salmagundi Birthday-Book"² is a red-lined quarto, two days being given to each page, and two mottoes, selected with positive genius, for each day; there is not one but has significance or wit. All are thoughts. Not the least interesting portion is the amusing preface by Robert Collyer. The beautiful cover and illustrations for each month are by some of our best known artists and engravers. "There is some risk, to be sure," writes Mr. Collyer, "in handling a volume holding such a vast variety of wise, witty and satiric citations as one finds here. In the few books of the sort that come to my table, I have not noticed such a variety before, or quite such an aptness for all sorts and conditions of men;" and he is entirely right, with abundant room for addenda or memoranda, and with all the attractions that smooth heavy paper and careful press-work can lend, the volume is one which must be very acceptable to the very large class that delights in remembering the birthdays of their friends and acquaintances.

SINCE the death of George Eliot, there is probably no woman living possessing and gaining more and more with every year a luminous intelligence that sets Frances Power Cobbe in some points at the head of modern thinkers.³ Were it not for her almost comically fierce onslaught on vivisection and vivisectionists, it might be said that mere feeling had no place with her, and that her power of sustained thought and of clear statement made it impossible to point out any purely feminine side to her work, which is a contribution to impersonal thought—never either its masculine or its feminine point of view. The present volume

(1) *THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY*. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F. R. S., Canon of Westminster. 1 vol., pp. 384, \$3.00. Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

(2) *THE SALMAGUNDI BIRTHDAY-BOOK*. Edited by Alice Wood, Rose Perkins and A. J. G. Perkins. \$4.00. S. W. Green's Son, New York.

(3) *THE PEAK IN DARKEIN. WITH SOME OTHER INQUIRIES TOUCHING CONCERNS OF THE SOUL AND THE BODY. AN OCTAVE OF ESSAYS*. Pp. 303. \$1.25. George H. Ellis, Boston.

has less of this quality than her previous one, "The Duties of Women," which has gone through seven editions in this country, but the eight essays are all strong in treatment, and filled with intense purpose. "The Fitness of Women for the Ministry of Religion" is a powerful and convincing argument on a topic more familiar to American than to English ears, and the final essay, "The Peak in Darien," contains certain speculations on what may be visible to the dying, with various instances from the observation of others, tending to prove a positive sense of and visible communication with the next world.

By kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we are permitted, under the appropriate title of "Major or Minor," to present our readers this week with some of the most beautiful illustrations from a new volume of Mr. Aldrich's poems. This author's delicate fancies, as they appear in his verses, seem to have been most appreciatively studied by the members of the quaintly named "Paint and Clay Club" of Boston; and the interpretation of their work with pen, pencil and brush has been successfully achieved by the best engravers in the land. In the context, which serves as a setting for these works of art, will be found a keen estimate of Mr. Aldrich's literary work, and the reader may well turn with stimulated interest from these necessarily unsatisfying morsels to the treat afforded by the volume itself.

THE BOOK-SHELF.

S. W. GREEN'S SON, New York, sends out a box with eight standard novels, handsomely and uniformly bound: "Romola," "Jane Eyre," "Hypatia," "Uarda," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Corinne," and "Last of the Mohicans." The print is fine but clear, the paper good, and the price, 75 cents each or \$5.00 a box, puts them within the reach of all.

AMONG the smaller illustrated gift books, two from Estes & Lauriat are worthy of special attention: Schiller's "Song of the Bell," with illustrations by Alexander Mayer and E. H. Garrett, and Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen's poem of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" illustrated by Jessie Curtis Shepherd and other favorite artists. The price (\$1.50) is a temptation to all buyers, and the drawings in both are delicate interpretations of the text.

JOANNA H. MATTHEWS is a name which always carries an assurance of pleasant and healthy work for children, and in "Fred Bradford's Debt" (pp. 256, \$1.25), Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, she tells the story with her usual grace. The children in both families are very naturally drawn, and Fred's "debt," and how it was paid, are sufficiently exciting to insure a reading for the pretty book, the only objection to which is the cover, with its crude coloring, a fashion which it is hoped will soon pass.

MR. BUTTERWORTH has been particularly happy in pleasing the fancy of young readers in previous volumes of his "Zig Zag Journeys," and the present one, "Zig Zag Journeys in the Occident: The Atlantic to the Pacific," fully illustrated, square 4to (pp. 320, \$1.75), Estes & Lauriat, Boston, is as full of interest as its predecessors. The Zig Zag Club make a summer trip from Boston to the Golden Gate, and the sights on the way are chronicled, always faithfully and often with real dramatic force.

FOR many years Mr. Thompson Westcott has been known as an indefatigable worker among chronicles of "Old Philadelphia," and some specimen chapters of a "History of Philadelphia," prepared by Mr. Westcott, in connection with Mr. J. Thomas Scharf, have been sent out by L. H. Everts & Co., who make a specialty of local historical works. The specimen is in quarto form, sumptuously printed and made up with maps and illustrations,

and will be a valuable as well as elegant addition to the book-shelf.

THERE is a growing taste for old chronicles, and good work has been done of late in introducing Froissart to our young people. "Belt and Spur: Stories of the Knights of the Middle Ages, from the Old Chronicles," with sixteen illuminations (pp. 398, \$3.00), Scribner, Welford & Co., New York, is in the same line, and, though abridged and condensed, gives the stories in very spirited fashion. The illuminations are reproduced with great care, and the book deserves a warm welcome, being one of the most satisfactory sent out this season for either boys or girls.

ONE of the most charming gift books of the season is to be found in "Cradle Songs of Many Nations," illustrated by Walter Satterlee, with music by Reinhold L. Herman, put up in portfolio form, the dainty pink cover of the quarto, with its blue ribbons, harmonizing thoroughly with the idea of the book. The Arabic, Hottentot and Japanese cradle songs are the most peculiar, each with its character sketch, and the music, though of unequal merit, is fairly in harmony with the verses. (Pp. 64, \$4.00.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

WHEN Zola himself remarks of one of his novels that it is "a little brutal," further comment seems hardly necessary. This is his criticism on "Claude's Confession" (pp. 254, \$1.00), just issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and to be read probably by the same interested devourers of the other abominations. "A Prince of Brefny," a historical romance, by Thomas P. May (pp. 428, 75 cts.), is at least more wholesome, and "The Hidden Record," by E. W. Blaisdell (pp. 466, \$1.00), is semi-historical, in that the scene is laid during our last war with England.

A MOST attractive volume for the holiday, or any season, is to be found in "Songs from the Dramatists," edited by Robert Bell (pp. 268, \$1.50), Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. The collection begins "with the writer of the first regular comedy," and ends with Sheridan, and is the best attempt in this direction that we have had, Mr. Bell having done his work with marked ability. Short biographical notices are prefixed to each dramatist from whose works songs have been selected, and the volume will be a valuable companion to the encyclopedias of poetry we all find it convenient to own.

SIDNEY LANIER earned well-merited distinction in his work for boys, and the beautiful volume which is now issued containing "The Boys' Percy, being Ballads of War, Adventure and Love," with fifty illustrations by Eugene Bensell (pp. 441, \$2.50), Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, will add still more. As a lesson in strong and simple English the ballads are invaluable, and the boy who acquires a taste for them is freed forever from the power of the dime novel. The editing is careful, as usual, and older people will find help they need not disdain in understanding obscure words and turns of expression.

WE are pleased to call attention to the clubbing combination announced in our advertising columns between the *Rural New Yorker* and *OUR CONTINENT*. The original investigations and enterprise of the *Rural*, through its experimental grounds and through the ablest writers and artists in the country, have led to its general recognition as a leading journal of rural affairs in America. It has introduced and disseminated gratuitously among its subscribers some of the most valuable farm and garden plants in cultivation. These distributions are utterly free of all false pretense, and the journal is conducted in the true interests of the country home.

THE American passion for travel, the natural outgrowth of the great spaces which make up our country, finds plenty of stimulus in the attractive Young Folks' travels here, there and everywhere, issued by various firms. "Our Young Folks in Africa," by James D. McCabe (pp.

912, \$1.75), J. B. Lippincott & Co., profusely illustrated, takes a party of four lads into these unknown regions, and though the compilation of facts is a little too evident, the journey is an instructive and entertaining one. Estes & Lauriat send out another volume in the Knockabout Club Series, entitled "Along Shore," the journey in this case being from Boston to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," and including much talk of Vikings and Northmen and wild Northern life. The author, C. A. Stephens, has done good work in this field, and the handsome volumes are in cloth or illuminated boards as preferred, the price of the former being \$2.25, of the latter \$1.75. Add to these "The Bodley Grandchildren, and Their Journey Through Holland," by Horace E. Scudder, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (pp. 192, \$1.50), with the usual illuminated cover, and there is no reason why our young people should not have a clearer idea of the world in general than was ever vouchsafed the untraveled elders of a past generation.

NEW BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSE FICTION. By Bayard Tuckerman. 8vo, pp. 327, \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE BOOK OF FORTY PUDDINGS. By Susan Anna Brown. 1 vol., 50 cts. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

COREA, THE HERMIT NATION, by William Elliot Griffis. 1 vol., 8vo, maps and illustrations, pp. 462, \$3.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

FRED BRADFORD'S DEBT. By Joanna H. Matthews. 4to, pp. 256, \$1.75. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

BO-PEEP. Juvenile 4to. Illustrated. Lithograph cover. \$1.00. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

JOHN RANDOLPH. By Henry Adams. American Statesmen series. 16mo, pp. 312, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THREE VASSAR GIRLS ABROAD. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by "Champ." 1 vol., 4to, pp. 242, \$1.50, cloth \$2.00. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL. Illustrated. \$1.50. Estes & Lauriat.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER. Illustrated. \$1.50. Estes & Lauriat.

PARISIAN ART AND ARTISTS. By Henry Bacon. Illustrated. 1 vol., 8vo, \$3.00. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

CRADLE SONGS OF MANY NATIONS. Music by Reinhold L. Herman. Illustrations by Walter Satterlee. \$4.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. By R. L. Stevenson. Leisure Hour series. Pp. 256, \$1.25. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

HEINE'S ROMANTIC SCHOOL. Translated by S. L. Fleishman. 12mo, pp. 273, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co.

BIRTHDAY MOTTOES. From the writings of E. P. Roe. Selected by Lyman Abbott. \$1.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

SCIENTIFIC.

SOME remarkable facts are set forth in the recently published sanitary report of London, the British metropolis. It appears that the deaths in the Peabody buildings during sixteen years have been at the rate of sixteen and seven-tenths per one thousand yearly, while the general death-rate of the city during the same period marked twenty-three and four-tenths; in the crowded districts surrounding the Peabody buildings, however, the death-rate is stated to be thirty to forty per thousand. A still more notable statement is that contained in the report of the Holborn district, namely, that whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt that a Jew's life in London is, on an average, worth twice as many years as a Christian's. The Hebrews of London are found to be remarkably exempt from tubercular and scrofulous taint, and pulmonary consumption is very rare among them. Again, the medical officer of one of the Jewish schools remarks that their children do not die in anything like the ratio of Christian children. Finally, in one street, Whitechapel, the average death-rate on the side occupied by the Jews has not reached above twenty per one thousand, while on the other side, which is occupied as exclusively by English and Irish "Gentiles," it is as much as forty-three per thousand.

THE extent of wine-making in California astonishes visitors from the East. At the vineyards of San Gabriel, the largest in the state, 500,000 gallons of wine and 100,000 of brandy will be made from this year's crop of grapes. The unskilled labor employed is usually Chinese, but the experts are mostly from the wine districts of France and Germany, though Americans learn the process readily. The grapes are stemmed and squeezed by machinery. The juice runs into vats, where it ferments sufficiently, and is pumped into great butts in the cellars. There it stands until it is clarified by the whites of eggs, isinglass or gelatin, after which it is filtered through charcoal and drawn off into casks for shipment. As to the profits of grape culture, it is calculated that the vines will bear in the third year after the cuttings are set out, give a profit in the fourth, and in the fifth yield enough to pay all expenses, including the cost of the land. There are seven wine-producing districts in California, and the total vintage this year is 12,000,000 gallons. Some of this will be distilled for brandy and some drunk at home, but the bulk will be sent eastward to be sold under foreign labels.

THE discovery of electrolysis, or the precipitation of pure metals from solutions of their salts, made by Jacobi in 1837, constitutes the foundation on which some of the most important of modern industries are built. It also furnishes a means of separating one metal from another more completely than by any other known method. Electrolysis has recently been successfully applied to the production of selenium. This element, discovered by Berzelius, near Falun, Sweden, bears some resemblance in its properties to sulphur. The most remarkable property of selenium, however, is that light greatly modifies its power of conducting electricity. Mr. Bell has made an ingenious application of this peculiarity of selenium in his photophone. Hitherto selenium has been manufactured only in limited quantities, and cost about one hundred dollars a pound. Late improvements have reduced the price to four dollars a pound. The source of selenium is a selenide of copper and lead, a native mineral obtained from the Argentine Republic.

M. PAYART has designed a public fountain which is to be a silent instructor of the public in certain things which everybody ought to understand. The designer gives his device the name of the "Fountain of Galileo," in honor of one of the founders of modern science. It is in the form of a pyramid, four metres high. It rests on a block of stone which measures a cubic metre, thus setting forth the metric system. On one of the faces the metre is represented divided decimally. Below this cube four faucets are placed, whence flows the water. The pyramid is surmounted by a lightning conductor and a weather vane, which indicates the four cardinal points. On one of the faces of the pyramid is an aneroid barometer; on the second, a thermometer; on the third, a clock, and on the fourth, the geographical position of the place, the latitude, longitude, and the elevation above the sea level.

ONE of the worst foes of the fisherman of Maine has been the prolific dog-fish, which, of no value in itself, has been an arch-destroyer of valuable species. But now, after many experiments, a fish scrap has been made from it which is said to be excellent food for fowls, and from which a useful oil can be expressed, leaving a residuum of much value as a fertilizer. If the sanguine discoverer of this process succeeds in transforming the dog-fish from a curse into a blessing, he will deserve well of his fellow-citizens.

A PAPER has recently been read on the method of collecting the manganese nodules from the bottom of shallow seas round the coasts of Scotland. The chemical compo-

sition of the nodules was described, and it was shown that the amount of oxygen present was not sufficient to form the ordinary peroxide of manganese. The method of formation was shown to be dependent upon the action of organic matter on the sulphates present in the water. The sulphide so formed reacted upon the silicate of manganese present in the mud, forming sulphide of manganese, which, in its turn, is transformed into oxide by the oxygen dissolved in the water. A suggestion was thrown out that the formation of calcareous shells by animals was due to a similar process, the sulphate of lime in the sea-water being reduced and finally transformed into carbonate.

A GENTLEMAN walking in a field full of grasshoppers recently, noticed a wasp flying about in a premeditated way, as if full of some deep design. He watched it, and found it was hunting grasshoppers. It failed in catching two or three, but presently pounced on a small specimen, which was clinging to a blade of grass, and mounting on its back, calmly proceeded to saw off its head, afterward its legs, finally flying away with the body toward the nest in the corner of the field, of the existence of which the observer had been previously aware. The gentleman took possession of the head, which, together with the legs, remained clinging to the blade of grass.

It has been pointed out that a certain microbe (*bacterian*) has the power of inducing in ammoniacal substances a fermentation, among the products of which nitrates appear. Still more recently it has been discovered that another microbe is capable of producing a reverse series of chemical changes. It attacks nitrates, and from them disengages, according to circumstances, nitrous acid, binoxide of nitrogen, protoxide of nitrogen and even pure nitrogen.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

November 18.—An extradition treaty was ratified between Belgium and the United States.—The Congregational Church at Richmond, Mass., a large wooden building, more than a century old, was destroyed by fire.—General James D. Fessenden, United States Register in Bankruptcy, died Saturday morning in one of the streets of Portland, Maine. He was about fifty years of age, and a son of the late Senator Fessenden. . . . Nov. 19.—Dr. John E. Bacon, a prominent physician, ex-Mayor and President of the Board of Health of Columbus, Georgia, died in that city.—Official returns from Pennsylvania give Pattison a plurality of 40,202 for Governor.—The official count of the vote of Alabama gives O'Neal, Democrat, 100,591, and Sheffield, Independent, 46,386.—The British steamer *Wearmouth* was lost with all hands except four, on the Magdalen Islands. . . . Nov. 20.—Professor Henry Draper, the eminent author and scientist, died in New York, aged forty-five years.—Colonel Milton Cogswell, Deputy Governor of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, died of apoplexy. . . . Nov. 21.—In Baltimore the corner-stone of the new post-office was laid.—Several inches of snow fell in Atlanta, Ga.—The second session of the Federation Congress of Organized Trade and Labor Unions began in Cleveland, Richard Powers, of Chicago, presiding.—The "Calendar," a large, partly finished building in Providence, R. I., was burned and several inmates killed or injured. . . . Nov. 22.—Thurlow Weed, the veteran politician and journalist, died in New York, aged eighty-five years. . . . Nov. 23.—Nihilism has developed in the Russian universities to a degree which has induced interference on the part of the Government.—The schools of Millerton, N. Y., closed on account of malignant diphtheria.—The first snow of the season fell at Quebec. Georgia had snow before Canada this year.—The Labor Convention at Cleveland resolved to take political action against men and measures opposed to trade unionism.—Ex-Judge Drummond, of the Dominion Superior Court, died at Montreal.—Grant's shoe factory burned in Quebec; loss \$100,000.

THE DRAMA.

THE regular theatres of London number forty-one, with seats for about 55,000 people.

MME. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT and Mme. Albani have each bought residences in Worcestershire, England.

"BOYNE WATER," is the title of the new Irish play by Mr. Dion Boucicault, to be produced during his forthcoming tour.

CINCINNATI inaugurates a grand dramatic festival on April 23, which is to last a week. It is hoped to cast "Othello" with Mr. John McCullough as the "Moor," Mr. Barrett as "Iago," Miss Anderson as "Emilia," and Mile. Rhea as "Desdemona."

JOHANN STRAUSS' new opera is called "A Night in Venice." It will be first produced in Berlin, under the personal direction of the composer. Herr Strauss is said to be worth \$100,000, and having no children, has bequeathed most of his property for the founding of a College of Music.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND lately produced a play called "In Paradise," which, although meagre in plot, is said to be the funniest in his repertory. The "Gilded Age," the first play to give Mr. Raymond reputation, has brought a fortune to him and to the author. "Fresh, the American" has also been very successful pecuniarily.

SEVERAL of the most prominent people of the theatrical world contribute to the Christmas number of the New York *Spirit of the Times*. London's eminent tragedian, Mr. Henry Irving, tells of his mode of "Producing a Play." A poem by Mr. J. R. Sims, author of "The Lights o' London," "Romany Rye," etc. Mr. Boucicault writes a short story and Mr. Edmund Yates a paper entitled, "Our Pleasant Vices." A brilliant quartette, indeed.

MR. HARRY EDWARDS, a sterling actor and a member of Wallack's Theatre for several years past, is a devoted entomologist. He is regarded as a leading authority on the subject, and his collection of specimens is not surpassed by any. Scientists of world-wide fame, Professor Agassiz among the number, acknowledge the worth and importance of his discoveries. Mr. Edwards is the editor of the *Pupilio*, a periodical issued monthly in the interests of entomology.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, at the close of a late engagement in Louisville, was the recipient of an unusual honor. The mayor addressed her in behalf of the city, extolling her gifts and virtues, and crowned her with a wreath of laurel-leaves, wrought in silver. Though not born in Louisville, Miss Anderson passed most of her early years there, and the city feels justified in honoring her as though she were one of its own fair daughters. Traveling eastward, the lady will fill a fortnight's engagement at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, beginning December 11.

MR. THEODOR BJORKSTEN, the tenor, traveling with Mme. Nilsson, is a Swede, and a son of a prominent official of Stockholm. His association with her came about in quite a romantic way. During her last visit to that city vast crowds followed her carriage through the streets. A handsome young man made himself conspicuous, in fact annoyed the prima donna by his efforts to be noticed. During a serenade one night, she was impressed with the clearness and beauty of a voice, which rose above the rest. A messenger bade the singer to her presence, and it proved none other than her admirer of the street. Mme. Nilsson was so greatly pleased with his voice that she had him placed under an eminent French instructor, and he is now her leading support, though but twenty-three years of age.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH's recent engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has been eminently successful, and in the highest degree flattering to him, too, following as he did upon the footsteps of Signor Salvini. At nearly every performance he was summoned before the curtain three and four times at the close of each act. Prolonged and most enthusiastic applause, mingled with cheers, greeted him upon his first appearance in the character of "Virgilius." He has gathered around him, moreover, a company of unusual excellence and ability, and the performers share the high praise accorded "the noblest Roman of them all." Mr. William Winter, criticising Mr. McCullough's "Virgilius" in the *Tribune*, says: "We do not know a more faultless work of dramatic art in the domain of tragedy. It has the classic beauty of a statue and the tender heart of a true man."



THE SOLOIST IN EVOLUTION.

THE CRETACEOUS FROG.

The first organic sound that broke the silence of the earlier geologic ages was in all probability the voice of a frog.—Prof. James D. Dana's "Lectures."

PRIMEVAL MAN.

We may readily fancy that primordial man beguiled a solitude which must at times have seemed oppressive by the exercise of his untrained vocal powers.—Dr. Mordecai Hundschiffel. "De Morgenblester."

THE SOLOIST OF TO-DAY.

It is not impossible that posterity may perceive a certain comic element in the vocal and instrumental music which so enchants us at the present time.—Signor Piano Von Fortissimo. "The Music of the Future."

Unloaded.

"The Republican party must unload."—GRANT.

WITH the wind abaft the beam,
All our battle-flags a-stream,
Every yard set square—
O yare! O yare!
Outward bound sailed we,
On a blue, blue sea! . . .
Ship of State for any man—
Ship of State—REPUBLICAN!
And we sailed our UNION course,
Freedom's orders to enforce!
Every log kept fair—
O yare! O yare!
To the South sailed we,
On a red, red sea!
Ship of war for any man—
Ship of war—REPUBLICAN!
Then, with flag of truce for all—
Though we saw our captain fall—
With our blades yet bare,
O yare! O yare!
To the north sailed we,
On a free, free sea!
Ship of peace for every man—
Ship of peace—REPUBLICAN!
With a breeze on every sail—
All our trade winds, like a gale,
Blowing homewards fair—
O yare! O yare!
With a song sailed we,
On a bright, bright sea . . .
Till our ship on breakers ran—
Ship we called—REPUBLICAN!

"What's your reckoning, Captain bold?"
And he said—"CLEAR out your hold!"
But, in lightning glare,
O yare! O yare!
And with rocks a-lee,
On a black, black sea—
Course to suit no honest man—
Sailed our ship—REPUBLICAN!

Then we jeered our captain's word—
And we tossed him overboard;
For we felt no scare!—
O yare! O yare!
And our way sailed we,
On a red, black sea!
All our reckoning—all our plan—
Flag to fly—REPUBLICAN!

So in Rivers, Harbors, Bays,
And on rapid Star Route ways,
Over dumb tax-payer—
O yare! O yare!
Till to-day sink we,
In a deep, deep sea!
Out of reckoning, partisan—
Wrecked on shoals—REPUBLICAN!

Have we foundered?—are we lost?
All the golden blood we cost—
Was it blood-red air?—
O yare! O yare!
Look aloft! ye free!
On a blue, blue sea!
THERE'S a SHIP the PEOPLE man—
Democrat!—Republican!

A. J. H. DUGANNE.